

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions:

Consisting of

TALES, EPISTLES, SONGS, ODES,
EPIGRAMS, and other Miscellaneous
PIECES, upon Subjects of Humour,
and Gallantry.

None of them ever before printed.

By J. BANCKS.

*Majores majora sonent; mihi parva locuto
Sufficit in vestras sæpè redire manus.*

MARTIAL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR.



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THE
P R E F A C E.



Believe there can be no Task more difficult, to an Author who has any Regard for his own Character, than that of writing a Preface to a Book of this Kind. To insist upon the Merit of such Trifles, would be counted Vanity with a Witness: And intirely to give up all Pretensions, must appear altogether as ridiculous on the other Side. So that, if there be any Thing said to the Purpose, 'tis hardly possible to avoid the Imputation either of Folly, or Design, or both.— But the Reader expects we should say something— Let him be inform'd then, that I had determin'd to introduce the following Essays, with a Discourse on what I was to have call'd, the lesser Sorts of Poetry;

The P R E F A C E.

and that, with this View, I had, at divers Times, scribbled over several Sheets of Paper; the Quintessence of all which was to have been extracted, and reduc'd into the best Method and Form imaginable. The Printer desir'd my Preface; and I went about giving it the last Hand: when, to my no small Disappointment, having thrown the common Maxims out of my general Observations; and every Thing that I thought might be excepted against, out of that which related to my own Performances; my poor Treatise was quite annihilated; and I was more to seek than ever!

After this Success, I am almost afraid to speak a Word in my own Behalf; and I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, for saying that the following Pieces were written at very different Times, merely for the Diversion of myself, and a few intimate Friends; upon which Account, they must, of Necessity, want many of those Advantages which a Collection, compos'd on purpose to be publish'd, might have receiv'd from an equal share of Art and Attention. Some concurrent Circumstance may make that agreeable to a few, which will be insipid enough to all that are not acquainted with it. I would here urge the several Persons I had to please, to excuse my printing some Things which, for the Reason just mention'd, had been better omitted; and the Publisher's Opinion as the Cause why I did not insert two or three Attempts of a graver Nature. It

The P R E F A C E.

It may be observ'd, that I have ventured to call the narrative Pieces, Tales; which Word has a much looser Signification than either Songs, Odes, or Epigrams. There must be Poetry in these latter: But a Tale is a Tale still, whether in Verse or Prose, whether a Fontaine, or the good old Woman my Grandmother may have the Province of telling it. The like may be said of Epistles. In other Particulars the Case is alter'd: Those who allow me the Names of Tale-Teller and Letter-Writer, may dispute my Right to that of Poet. It is for this Reason that I have left the critical Readers to place the Rest of these Composures (except a few which escap'd thro' Inadvertency) in what Species of Poetry they shall think fit; or, if they please, to reduce them to no Species at all.



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ERRATA.

PAGE 15. Line 25. for *Hearts* read *Heats*.
 p. 23. l. 22. for *G'er-r. O'er.* p. 82. l.
 last, for *put on r. don.* p. 89. l. 8. for *heme r.*
home. p. 120. l. 4. for *Tell me* *Feel*.





P O E M S

O N]

Several Occasions.

SYLVIO: Or, the P O E T's
Metamorphosis. A TALE.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.



O Genius can itself display
In ev'ry, or in any Way:
One Art ('tis from Experience
plain!)
Is full sufficient for one Brain;
And He who made us Men, design'd
For such a Science, such a Mind.
A Hence

Hence those, who ne'er profess too much,
 Give what they do the nicer Touch ;
 Hence he, who *Horace* never read,
 May carry *Euclid* in his Head.

Dan. Pope goes farther yet, and shows
 Poor mortal Man so little knows,
 That, to succeed, the Sons of Wit
 A single Science oft should split ;
 Each taking up a Part --- and brings
 A learned Simile from Kings,
 Who lose the Conquests gain'd before,
 By striving still to conquer more.

'Tis true, to Minds of vulgar Mold,
 By Wit and Genius uncontroll'd,
 Who round one beaten Circle move,
 Have no new Thought, nor old improve ;
 To such, there can be little odds,
 If wooden Stools they make, or Gods ;
 The Lump which animates their Frame,
 In Smith and Taylor's much the same.

But when some Giant Soul descends,
 Created but for greatest Ends ;
 To bless a World, exalt an Age,
 And shine on Life's uncertain Stage ;

'Tis



'Tis then a Case of great Concern
 The Sense of Providence to learn;
 To chuse that Character alone
 Which forming Nature makes his own.

This Confirmation, *William*, take,
 I love to prove whate'er I speak;
 'Twill urge thee on to search with Care
 Thy Strength, and in Proportion steer.

Sylvio, a rural Bard, who long
 Had charm'd the Country with his Song;
 Nor unsuccessful sought Renown
 Among th' Anonymous in Town,
 Now just began to print his Name,
 And stand a Candidate for Fame.

Warm'd with Desire of Royal Praise,
 And the Reversion of the Bays;
 No Birth, or Coronation Day,
 Unsung by *Sylvio*, past away.---
 The Courtly Taste he knew to please,
 With graceful Strength, and manly Ease;
 Was Master of such fine Address,
 No living Bard with more Success
 The Charms of Beauty could rehearse,
 Or in sublimer, smoother Verse,

Could waft his Monarch safely over,
 When just embarking for *Hanover*;
 And quell the stormy, subject Main,
 When our dread Liege return'd again.

Yet, in his Works admir'd alone,
 Still *Sylvio*'s Person was unknown;
 His Native Soil, of that possess'd,
 Was thought by all supremely blest;
 Her verdant Meads, and shady Groves,
 Were now the Seats of Nymphs and Loves;
 Each rising Hill, and River, shines
 A God, or Goddess, in his Lines.

But when the Press demands his Care,
 The vocal Woods their Bard must spare,
 Tho' all his gay Creation mourn'd
 Its Beauty lost, 'till he return'd---
 For this to Town the Poet came,
 When first his Soul conceiv'd a Flame;
 His Heart when *Mira* strongly charm'd,
 And all his high Resolves disarm'd.

Now ev'ry Post to *Mira* brings,
 What Love inspires, and *Sylvio* sings:
 The real Passion of his Breast,
 In ev'ry Grace of Diction drest:

Each

Each well turn'd Line was greatly fraught
 With melting Tenderness of Thought ;
 Such moving Warmth as must controul
 The Springs of *Mira's* gentle Soul.

What Verse can do on gen'rous Minds,
 In *Mira* each Observer finds ;
 The rival Youths, who shar'd before
 Alternate Joy, now hope no more ;
 Nor could the Nymph forbear to tell
 How much the Charms of Wit excel.

Th' enamour'd Bard she once had seen,
 Nor then dislik'd his manly Mien :
 Her Passion now the Image feeds,
 And in her Soul the Youth proceeds ;
 The dear Idea Daily swells,
 'Till *Sylvio* all Mankind excells ;
 'Till in him centres all that she
 Can wish in Man, or Man can be.

Now, join'd in Soul, the Bard and Maid
 Each other's ardent Vows repaid ;
 While mighty Love, with equal sway,
 Had fix'd the consummation Day.

The Female Taste we so revere,
 On which we build our Hope and Fear,

That

That no Success our Pride can move
So strongly, as Success in Love:
Sylvio, 'till now, no Woman's Prize,
 Looks on himself with *Mira's* Eyes;
 Vainly receives the Nymph's Applause,
 But all along mistakes the Cause;
 No Woman's Heart was ever won,
 He falsely thought, by Sense alone,
 His Person, therefore, *Mira* priz'd,
 From meaner Motives, thus disguis'd.

“ This dull Mistake of vulgar Souls,
That Fancy all the Fair controuls,
 Too much prevails in ev'ry Mind,
 While Prejudice and Custom blind:
 But who the Sex have study'd well,
 Have often found their Taste excel;
 That Women, with sublimest Views,
 In Love and Life know how to chuse.

“ Well read in Books, unread in Men,
 You had all *Sylvio* from his Pen:
 His sprightly Thoughts from Nature flow'd,
 And in the Page forever glow'd;
 But from his Lips they coldly fell,
 Nor with enliv'ning Accents swell;
 While modest Blushes paint his Cheeks,
 And most, when to the Fair he speaks:

So

So bashful simple Nature proves,
Ere Vice informs, or Int'rest moves.

But now the Error, rooted deep,
Fills all his Soul, and haunts his Sleep;
No more he courts the Muses Aid,
To bend an unrelenting Maid:
The Muses Flights are idle Dreams,
And Verse a vain Amusement seems:
That Charm the Conquest must improve
Which *Mira's* Passion first could move;
Convinc'd that Charm was only Show,
Sudden the Scholar shines a Beau,
Sudden appears at *Mira's* Feet,
In his Dishonour dress'd complet.

A Genius, like a River, flows
Serenely smooth, if nought oppose;
But, if diverted from its Course,
It errs with an uncommon Force;
Breaks violent thro' Reason's Bounds;
And the whole Man at once confounds.

How great, how just the Nymphs' Surprise,
When his new Art the Poet tries!
When, in the fervent Lover's Place,
She finds dull Form, and low Grimace!

How

How awkward seems th' affected Youth,
 Practic'd alone in simple Truth!
 Each Word he spoke, each Step he trod,
 Was all ridiculous and odd;
 Unlike the first of human Kind,
 Unlike the Picture in her Mind.

Love, from some brighter Part begun,
 O'er the whole Object learns to run;
 That Part receives the Lover's View,
 Is all *we are*, and all *we do*:
 But if the Passion should decay,
 Soon the new Beauties fade away;
 That single Charm remains alone,
 And quickly wants the Force of One.

So o'er her Heart had *Sylvio* sway'd,
 While with his Verse he warm'd the Maid;
 By that bold Feature she could Plan
 The Model of a perfect Man;
 Pleas'd, in one Excellence, to trace
 Politeness, Form, and ev'ry Grace.
 So, now the Youth his Soul expos'd,
 And all it's Weaknesses disclos'd,
 With less'ning Fires she inly burn'd,
 'Till to Respect her Passion turn'd;
 Ev'n cold Respect could not remain,
 It dwindled soon to mere Disdain.

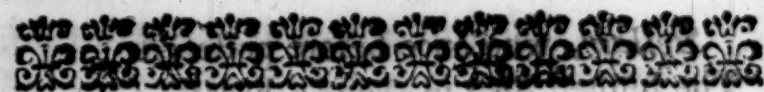
Bellair

Bellair, who once before possess'd
 The highest Seat in *Mira's* Breast,
 Beheld with Joy the Bard's Disgrace,
 And with new Vows resum'd his Place.

Sylvio departed, to relate
 In mournful Verse, his cruel Fate;
 While the polite, the gay *Bellair*,
 Triumphant, bore away the Fair.

That Sylvios are in ev'ry Art,
Thy own Experience may impart;
Our Story therefore on thy Mind,
May leave this Truth, my Friend, behind---
Tho' Wit has but one common Name,
In different Modes 'tis not the same;
For those who write with greatest Ease,
May want in Life the Skill to please.





POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD.

An EPISTLE.

AS *Shop-man* notes in Day-Book first
 The Goods deliver'd out on Trust;
 Where Names promisc'ously are plac'd,
 As this comes first, and that comes last;
 From whence, at proper Seasons, he,
 According to the *A, B, C,*
 Sets down, in order, who bought what, --
 This Page for one, for t'other that.---

So I, who traffick to *Parnassus*,
 And rhyme on most Affairs that pass us,
 Secure in Pocket, always keep
 Pen, Ink, and Paper bound in Sheep:
 Nor Time, nor Form, can make me doubt
 When Fancy prompts, to take them out,
 And save from Death my Infant Labours,
 Whether at Home, or at some Neighbours.

So also (for the Use must be
 As complex as the Simile)

At

At proper Times, in *larger Code*,
 My *Vade Mecum* I unload :
 Digesting into sep'rate Parts,
 Tales, Odes, Epistles, Flames, and Darts---

Or as at *Christmass*, o'er his Books,
 Th' afore said *honest Tradesman* looks;
 To see how Stock in Business betters,
 And write out Bills upon his Debtors :
 When (after having chose the best,
 And shook his Head at all the rest)
 He sends, or goes himself to catch,
 What ready Money they will fetch---

So I, this Morning, took a View
 Of all my Poems, old and new,
 To weigh, with an impartial Spirit,
 And use according to, their Merit :
 The Flames demand the greatest Part ;
 Some few discover, some Desert ;
 These to a Friend I shew'd, and hinted
 A mighty Mind to have them printed.--

Why *John*, said he, thy Thought in this,
 I cannot say, 'tis much amiss :---
 Your Friends would all be very glad,
 And, Faith, my Int'rest should be had:---

But

But first, methinks, you ought to know
 How much Mankind is pleas'd with Show.---
 A rising Poet always writes
 To Dukes, Lords, Ladies, 'Squires, or Knights :
 While thou hast ever us'd thy Pen
 To *Delia*, *David*, *John*, or *Ben*.---
 These vulgar Names are what I fear:---
 For ten to one the Town will hear
 That *Benjamin's* a Country Quaker,
 And *Delia* but a Mantua-maker ;
 That *David* in a Cellar pent is,
 And *John's* at *Greenwich* a mere 'Prentice.

I left my Friend without Reply,
 And went to *Phæbus'* Court just by:---
 The God was but that Minute up,
 And scarce had drank his Morning Cup,---
 (To take a Draught his constant course is,
 While forth the *Horæ* bring his Horses,
 And fix them to their flaming Chariot !
 So bright no mortal Eye can bear it.)

Not many Ceremonies past,
 My Person known, the God in haste,---
 " Speak quickly, Friend, I must not stay ;
 " The Western World expects the Day.
 " Dost thou not see how fair *Aurora*
 " Invites me on, and blames my *Mora* ?

(Note

(Note, with *Apollo* 'tis no Crime
To use that Tongue which comes in Rhime.)

As soon as Men can Answer make
To what superior Beings speak,
I told him all I've here told you,
And humbly ask'd him what to do.---
Do? says *Apollo*, in my Right,
Call *Ben.* my Lord; make *John* a Knight:
Let *David* shine a 'Squire compleat;
Let *Delia* keep her Country Seat:--
Such Words will give your Writings Strength:--
You need not put their Names at length.

I made a Bow, and Home I came,
Brim full of Joy, and sacred Flame---
Corrected all my Poems thro',
And writ, besides, this Scroll to you--
This Scroll which, from *Apollo*, brings
A Title, others take from Kings---
Accept it thou without one more Word,
And be Sir *John* from this Time forward.

B

The



The PULPIT MASK ; *or*, Saying
and Doing are two Things. *A*
TALE. To Mr. B. —.

A pleasant Passage often lurks
Amidst the grave, in finish'd Works---
For Proof (a Proof is ne'er amiss)
Le Sieur Despreaux has left us this.

A canting Priest, of special Note
For leathern Lungs and brazen Throat,
Had got the Knack to draw Respect
From all of feeble Intellect ;
And, without Learning, Wit, or Art,
To govern each old Woman's Heart.

From Time to Time his Audience grew---
From Time to Time their Tears he drew---
On no Occasion would he fail
To usher in a long Detail
Of all the Vices of the Time:
Thund'ring so loud against each Crime,
Not *Peters*, *Pomfret*, *Mead*, or *Burgeſs*,
Were call'd more juſtly *Boanerges*.

'Twas

'Twas once his Lot, not far from Court,
 To preach before the better Sort---
 Ev'n here the Church was much too straight---
 Coach after Coach unloads its Freight.
 Scarce any Preacher e'er beheld
 A Place so large, so amply fill'd---
 For (Spite of Piety and Sense,
 And all the Charms of Eloquence)
 The Man that makes the biggest Noise,
 Most Hearers ev'ry where enjoys.

Think how our Doctor gaz'd around,
 With Looks of Gravity profound---
 He stroak'd his Face; he took his Text;
 Made ev'ry Member unperplex'd;
 Then all his Batteries apply'd
 Against Mens Luxury and Pride---
 In all their Forms he these engag'd,
 But seem'd with *Coaches* most enrag'd---
 Dress on Morality encroaches;
 Yet Dress was not so bad as *Coaches*---
 A *Coach*, that *easy Chair to Vice!*
 That *Gew-gaw of the Vain and Nice!*
 To keep one was a *mortal Sin!*
 And all were *damn'd* that rode therein!

Religious Heats too often make
 An honest Christian's Mem'ry weak.

Our Priest, transported with his Theme,
 And hurry'd on with Zeal extreme,
 To his own Breech apply'd the Birch---
 For, in the Body of the Church,
 That very Person might be seen
 With whom he thither *coach'd* had been---

How could the Gentleman forbear
 To cough, and hem, and nod, and stare?
 Still Master thou may'st cough and look---
 Sir *Crape* pursues the Theme he took.
 An hundred Times he had it o'er---
Friends, use those wicked Things no more!
To walk to Heav'n is better far
'Than to be coach'd the L--d knows where---

The Sermon done, the Flock dismiss'd,
 With Benediction of the Priest,
 The *Coaches* rattle to the Door,
 The People enter as before---
 Our Doctor's Friend steps boldly in,
 Regardless of the new found Sin,
 But resolute to play his Farce on
 The formal *hypocritic Parson*.

'Tis well when Preachers Lives afford
 A Testimony to the Word---

'Twas

'Twas not so now—our Priest forgot
 The Doctrine he that Moment taught—
 Again the outward Man prevails,
 Again he confident assails
Sans Ceremony, at a Venture,
 The *gilded Vehicle* to enter—
 When looking stedfast in his Face,
 His Friend cries, *What's your Will?—My Place.*
Your Place, d'ye say? why what the Devil,
Would you commit this dreadful Evil?
No Doctor, prithee walk a Foot—
Coachman drive on—He shall not do't.—

What Use our Author makes of this,
 You, I, or any one may guess —
 I'd just inform you by the Way,
 The Story's in *L' Art de precher*.
 What Doctrines best the Pulpit fit,
 What Manners make the Priest complete,
 It teaches better, at one View,
 Than half a hundred Rules can do—

To thee this moral Tale is sent,
 O *B--lb--n*, with no ill Intent.
 Tho' thy Abilities we grant,
 A just *Decorum* thou may'st want.
 O like thy Genius were thy Life!
 Were not thy Words and Deeds at strife!

O in the Wit did Friendship shine!
And Honour finish the Divine!

This short, this just Reproof receive,
(This short Reproof is all I give—)
Accept the Love, nor slight the Truth,
Tho' from an *unexperienc'd Youth*—
The Muses Voice is always free,
And I, *unlearn'd*, may Sing to thee.—



WOMAN'S



WOMAN's LOGIC, or, Love the
best Disputant. *A TALE.*

Nil proprium ducas, quod mutarier potest.

'TIS strange that those should most Obey
Who talk of universal Sway;
That still the Tail the Head should rule,
And ev'ry Man be Woman's Fool;
That those, whose Province 'tis to hear
What wiser we may make appear,
Should make us all they say believe;
Their Word the only Proof they give——

The weaker Vessels let them be;
And think 'em so who will for me;
'Tis plain their Logic overpow'rs
The boasted Energy of ours:
I firmly think, and shall do still,
That Reason's Strength lies in the Will,
'Till *Syllogism* can overthrow
The Force of, 'Tis, because 'tis so——

My

My Name was fixt, I always thought——
Banks, quasi River's Banks I wrote;
 And durst, against the World, maintain
 An Etymology so plain——
 Full oft' I said, full oft' I sung,
 How from some Fisherman I sprung;
 Who dwelling near his subject Brook,
 Thence his Denomination took——

But vain is all we think or do,
 Unless the Fair approve it too!
 My Name, of which I was so sure,
 Alas! no longer must endure.

A Female Cousin saw me write,
 And seem'd to startle at the Sight——
My Cousin? sure 'tis not the same!
This ne'er can be my Cousin's Name!
My Father wrote it with a C,
And so do I, and so should be ——
 A, C, said I, that must be wrong,——
'Tis right, quoth she, so hold your Tongue——
 I told her I could scarce believe her,
 It must be *Banks* from *Banks of River*——
A Fig for River's Banks, she cry'd,
I say I'll have the C supply'd,

Or

Or else I'll never own you more;
 So lose my Favour, or restore——
 Not own? thought I, I ne'er shall bear it——
 Then straight at Bottom clapt a *Caret* :
 Resolv'd I'll use it 'till I die;
 Convinc'd, she gave good Reason why.——

With Women since if I dispute,
 They unavoidably confute——
 My Cousin need but speak her Mind,
 To make me Silent, Deaf, or Blind;
 What Mortal would not be the same,
 Perswaded once out of his Name.

J. BANCKS.





A true Tale of a terrible Apparition.

AFTER learn'd and warm Debate,
 Touching Folks in t'other State;
 Whether any come again;
 Or some *Dæmon* in their Skin;
 Whether any Truth may seem in
 Tales of screeching Owls and Women;
 Whether Ghosts, from Graves that rise,
 Bears, with glaring, saucer Eyes,
 And an hundred such like Fancies,
 Were, or were not mere Romances. —
 Parson *Roger* having prov'd
 That no Spirit ever mov'd
 From the Place to which it went,
 When, by Death, from Body sent;
 Home from Tavern reel'd Sir *Harry*,
 With as much as he could carry,
 Swearing he would not be frighted,
 Tho' so dismally benighted; —
 Let old *Nick* himself appear,
 Bold Sir *Harry* will not fear —
 No, — he'll think his Coward Senses
 Only cheat him with Pretences.

Out

Out of Town some half a Mile,
 Cross a Field, and o'er a Stile,
 Stood his House, upon a Green——
Dixon's Garden lay between:——

Th' Hour of Night was almost One,
 Of pale *Phæbe* there was none,
 Stars a few were sprinkled round,
 Just enow to show the Ground.——

Void of Fear, a-cross the Plain,
 As an Eastern Monarch vain,
 Valiant as Sir *Hudibras*,
 Or the Great *La Mancha* was,
 Marches on our doughty Knight;
 Challenging the blackest Spright.——

But how fickle's human Glory,
 You shall hear in foll'wing Story——
 Things are very seldom here
 Realy solid, as th' appear.

Passing now the Garden by,
 G'er the Hedge he cast his Eye;——
 But, alas! what strange Surprise!
 Something black! of monstrous Size!

Worse and worse ! now Three or Four !

Half a Dozen ! half a Score !

Don't his Eyes deceive him ? No——

Look again——'Tis really so——

What can they be ? nothing common——

'Tis too late for Man or Woman.——

Cattle have no Bus'ness there

Where the Beans and Turnips are.——

Now the hardy Knight begins

To repent of all his Sins ;

But his greatest cause of Grief

Was his wicked Unbelief——

Had the Parson been but near,

He had instantly, 'tis clear,

Dy'd like Popish Priest insidious ;

For his Doctrine irreligious.

Now prophane, and impious Elf,

Says the Hero to himself,

For thy Incredulity

See a Troop of *Demons* nigh !

See how dreadful they advance !

Then he turn'd his Eyes askance.——

O what Method shall he take ?

Shall he stand his Ground, and speak ?

What

What a Qualm at this he feels!
 No-- he'll sooner take his Heels——
 'Tis no sooner thought than done,
 Danger makes the stoutest run——]
 Fear gives Feet,—— gives Feet; said I?
 Fear gives Wings and makes us fly:
 Swift as from the Bow an Arrow;
 Or to Barn a frightened Sparrow.——

Whensoever our Thoughts deceive us,
 Apprehension's loth to leave us——
 Still his Eyes, fixt ghastly, stare,
 Still to Bristles change his Hair,
 Still he hears the Spirits follow——
 Now they speak with Voice that's hollow——
 Now they pull him by the Coat——
 For his Life who gives a Groat?

Quick the Door, and let him in——
 So, 'tis done—— where have you been?
 Not a Word, alafs, he's dead!
 Bring a Chair—— hold up his Head——
O my Lady! what a Plight!
She's as dead as is the Knight——
Fetch the Doctor—— bring some Water——
Heaven's! what can be the Matter?
Throw it in my Lady's Face——
Bring the Hartshorn Drops too, Grace——

What a Mercy! she revives —
Well, we shant lose both their Lives —
Madam; us'd he so to be? —
 Blessings on him, — no not he; —
 Hearn, he Groans. — a Glafs of Wine—
 Lean your Head, my Dear, on mine —
 Now the Story, if you please —
 You shall hear it by Degrees. —

Half a hundred Hums and Haughs,
 Now and then a longer Pause,
 Now and then a Look awry,
 To be sure no Ghosts were nigh,
 Brought it out in half an Hour —
 None can do beyond their Power. —

Scarce my Lady could forbear,
 All would laugh, did they but dare;
 But, in Servant, Sign of Mirth
 Was as much as Place was worth;
 And my Lady thought 'twas best
 To be merry after Rest.

By themselves it was agreed,
 In the Morning *Tom* and *Ned*
 Should to *Dixon's* Garden go:
 Further, if they could, to know.

But

But behold the Truth before!
Dixon bounces at the Door——
 What's your Bus'ness? *Where's Sir Harry?*
 Please you, I'll your Message carry ——
 " Say his Cows are driv'n to Pound
 " For a Trespafs on my Ground.——





The *Jerusalem* WASH-BALL. A T A L E.

FROM *Italy Nigritia* came,
 A comely, well-proportion'd Dame:
 By bounteous Nature form'd to move
 In many Hearts, the Springs of Love.
 Ah! had she still contented been
 Of ten Degrees th' unrival'd Queen!
 But busy Fame had made Report
 What Stars illum'd the *British* Court;
 And Emulation fir'd her Breast,
 The Prize of Beauty to contest.

Too soon the swarthy *Tuscan* sees
 How many Ways our Ladies please.
 'Tis not a graceful Shape and Mien,
 In which alone their Honour's seen:
 In them a thousand Charms unite,
 And strike at once the ravish'd Sight.
 Their Cheeks the Lilly and the Rose
 With sweet Variety compose—

Their

Their Necks, and Breasts, and Hands, and
Eyes,

All with peculiar Charms surprize :

While o'er the Sun-burnt *Southern* Dame

The settled Hue appears the same :

Or if a Blush her Cheeks o'erspread,

It makes, at best, a gloomy Red.—

With envious Eyes *Nigritia* views

How *Celia* ev'ry Heart subdues ;

How many Breasts *Clarinda* warms,

With unaffected, native Charms ;

While she, unheeded, may resort

To Balls, to Plays, to Park, to Court ;

While she must hire, or ne'er must have,

Some broken Beau to seem her Slave.

What should she do? Her Pride denies

To leave contending for the Prize —

Some nice Expedient must be found,

To make her stand on equal Ground—

But what can Art? could Art avail,

What Woman would of Beauty fail?

Long in her Mind the lab'ring Thought,

From Thing to Thing incessant wrought.

'Till, with Despair and Rage oppress'd,

To *Venus* she this Pray'r address.

O Cy-

O *Cytherea*, if thy Care
 Extend to Earth, thy Vot'ry hear!
 If *British* Beauty come from thee,
 O Queen, such Beauty grant to me!
 O'er me diffuse that milky White!
 In me let all those Charms unite!
 So shall thy Altars daily smoke—
 So I will still thy Name invoke.

She said—propitious *Venus* heard—
 And quick as Thought her Doves appear'd—
 The Goddess, smiling from her Car,
 Return'd this Answer to the Pray'r.—

*Thy Vows, O Mortal, reach our Ears,
 Lo Venus to thy Aid appears!
 Learn here thy Wishes to fulfill—
 This Note shall furnish thee with Skill,
 (Then reaching forth her snowy Arm,
 She stoop'd, and gave the written Charm)
 This short Receipt a Secret shows,
 Which yet no Earthly Beauty knows;
 Which makes me reign, the Queen of Love,
 O'er all the Deities above—
 This shall remove thy brown Disgrace,
 And plant the Lilly in its Place;*

Shall

*Shall make thee shine, ev'n at Sr. James',
A Rival of the fairest Dames.*

*But all thy Labour were in vain,
This Secret should the English gain—
Take then this Counsell e'er we part,
From ev'ry Briton hide thy Art;
Thy Art should British Ladies know,
Their Charms would gain upon thee so,
'T would make the envy'd Distance more,
Than ever had been known before.
With high Disdain they'd look on thee,
And equal, if not conquer, me.*

*So Venus spoke — Nigritia bow'd,
And round the Chariot Cupids croud—
The bright Machine, with upward Flight,
Soon bore the Goddess out of Sight.*

*The Goddess gone already ! How ?
And did Nigritia only bow ?
She should have sacrific'd at least—
She made that Promise 'tis confest ;
But when the Gods have given us Ease,
We thank 'em--- yes--- just when we please.
Nigritia wanted to be fair,
To make her so came Venus there,*

And

And her Receipt unopen'd yet,
Would it not make a Saint forget ?

But, not to make my Tale prolix,
Where we left off, again we fix---
Nigritia heard her out with Pain,
Then read, and read, and read again.
Took Coach, bought Drugs, pull'd out her
Note,
Bought more, got all the Names by rote---
Came quickly home, prepar'd a *Ball*---
Wash'd Face, Hands, Bosom, Neck and all--
Call'd for her Glass --- had many a Peep---
Before she took one wink of Sleep.

To tell you how, from Time to Time,
Her Charms increas'd, would cramp my Rime.
In short, she soon became a Toast,
Cloe's Disgrace, Sir *Fopling's* Boast,
Could make *Bellarion* pine and fret,
And act an absolute Coquet:
Nigritia was no more her Name,
But *Clara* was the first in Fame:
Clara the beautiful and young,
The Theme of ev'ry Poets Song.

In Triumph long she kept the Field,
And to no mortal Fair would yield.

O were she but immortal too,
 Her Bounty *Venus* self might rue!
 Ev'n now her Pride would hardly own
 The Goddess worthy of her Throne.

But stronger Death the strong Disarms;
 And Death will ravish *Clara's* Charms,
 This Truth, at last, a slow Disease
 Convinc'd her of, by just Degrees.
 Now from her Cheeks the Rose departs;
 Now fails her Empire o'er Mens Hearts;
 The dreaded Pale still paler grows;
 'Till scarce one Beau his *Clara* knows—
 'Till Physic can no more befriend—
 And all her Thoughts regard her End.---

Perplex'd, she now revolves at large
 The Gift of *Venus*, and her Charge---
 How could a dying Woman rest
 With such a Secret in her Breast?
 It works, it throws, come forth it must---
 The Question was, who could she Trust?

His Mother's Counsels *Cupid* knows,
 And often slyly dares oppose.
 'Twas now his Int'rest so to do,
 And Love his Int'rest will pursue.

Exclude

Exclude the *English*? 'Twas not right---
 The *English*? what, his chief Delight?
 My Mother's jealous now, thought he,
 But Mother this shall never be:
 This Ball the *British* Fair shall prove,
 Tho' thou lose *Mars*, and *Juno* Jove.

So thought—— he flew to *Clara's* Bed,
 And with this Vision fill'd her Head.

She dream'd, how, prest again with Grief,
 She pray'd to *Venus* for Relief;
 How to her Side the Goddess came,
 Her Form, her Port, her Smile the same;
 How, her Request attentive heard,
 She spake these Words, and disappear'd.

Fair Mortal, 'tis our last Command,
 That Note be left in *Lyon's* Hand---
Lyon to *Venus* shall be just,
 And well perform the sacred Trust.

Soon as the Vision leaves her Eyes,
 She sends, gives the Receipt, and dies.

Thus far had *Cupid's* Plot Success,
 Thus much obtain'd--- he strives no less

The

The Heart of *Lyon* to enlarge,
 And make him slight the Fair One's Charge--
 The gen'rous *Greek* receives the Hint,
 And wonders much what *Clara* meant.
 What was the *English* Ladies' Crime?
 Why should she envy them their Clime?
 In short, he thought her Will unjust,
 And therefore 'twas no Breach of Trust
 The choice Cosmetic to diffuse;
 And advertise it in the News.

'Tis done--- The Papers ev'ry Week
 Proclaim the open-hearted *Greek*.
 The *Greek*, whose charitable Mind,
 (Tho' *Venus* Secrecy enjoin'd)
 Bids Beauties Empire stretch it's Bounds,
 And take in all the Sun surrounds;
 Nor from the *Britons* will confine,
 What makes 'em still Superiour shine,

Henceforth, the dark *Hesperian* Dames
 Shall learn to kindle brighter Flames;
 And Nymphs from Thirty Five Degrees,
 Remov'd, at Fifty Two shall please---
 The *Wash-balls* of *Jerusalem*
 Shall rise in ev'ry one's Esteem:
 And ev'ry *British* Beauty vie
 With Those who shine above the Sky.---

ROBIN



ROBIN *and* NAN. *A Ballad.*

NAN was *Robin's* Fellow-Servant,
 She could Milk, and he could plough:
Robin's Love to *Nan* was fervent,
 But the Damsel would not bow.

In the Field, or in the Meadow,
 Wheresoe'er she Daily went,
Robin follow'd like her Shadow,
 All to give his Passion vent.

Whatsoever *Nan* was doing,
Robin would his Time improve,
 And, his main Design pursuing,
 Make some Simile in Love.

Why, quoth *Robin*, cruel Maiden,
 Dost thou thus distract my Mind?
 Heavens grant thou art not paid in
 Thy own unrelenting Kind!

Sec,

See, fair Maid, each living Creature,
 Only stubborn-hearted thou,
 Do as all are taught by Nature,
 And to Love's Dominion bow !

Long his Passion *Nan* resisted,
 And had always kept her Hold,
 Had not Fortune once assisted——
Fortune always helps the Bold.

Nan would go to Bed as usual,
Robin too would march that Way,
 When her Door made stout Refusal,
 Dame forgot, and took the Key.

Robin, proud of this Occasion,
 All his former Hopes to crown,
 Brought the Maid, with fair Persuasion,
 On his Threshold to sit down.

Now, said he, my pretty Blowzy,
 Let us love and never fear——
 Dame, you know, is always drowsy,
 We may talk and she not hear.

D

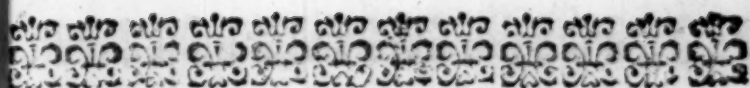
Ay,

Ay, quoth *Nan*, but should my Master,
I could never face him more ;
Therefore, to prevent Disaster,
We'll go in, and shut the Door. —

Thus one lucky Minute doing
All the mighty Work of Love,
Ever after, *Sans* more wooing,
Bob and *Nan* were Hand and Glove.



AMELIA



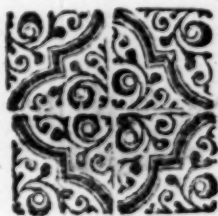
AMELIA. A Song.

LET *Stella* boast how many die,
 Pierc'd thro' with Arrows from her Eye;
 Let graceful *Celia*'s Shape and Mein
 O'er fifty Hearts confirm her Queen;
Amelia wounds us with her Wit,
 And gains a Conquest more compleat;
 Our Passions all to her submit.

}

A Face, or Form, may move Desire,
 Yet kindle but a sensual Fire:
 'Tis Wit alone that can controul
 The Judgment, and enslave the Soul;
 Can make that Part *Amelia*'s Prize,
 Which soars above the Charm that lies
 In *Celia*'s Form, or *Stella*'s Eyes.

}





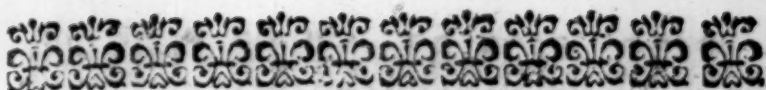
To AMELIA, upon her asking
whom I meant in the foregoing
Lines.

WHEN fair *Narcissus*, in the liquid Glass,
Saw the Reflection of his lovely Face,
Unconscious how by Nature form'd to please,
He thought another's Charms what only flow'd
from his.

So, in your beauteous Mind, what you possess,
'Too negligent to know, too modest to confess,
When, in my Verse, your Likeness you admire,
You ask whose Picture 'tis that sets your Soul
on Fire.



THOMAS



THOMAS and SUSAN.

SUE oft' had complain'd to young *Thomas*
before,

Of kicking her Ankles, and making them sore.
When *Tom* took Occasion one Day to intrude
So far, that in earnest she told him 'twas rude--
Tush, tush, cry'd the Swain, prithee, don't
be faint-hearted:

All Things that are quarrelsome, *Sue*, should
be parted.



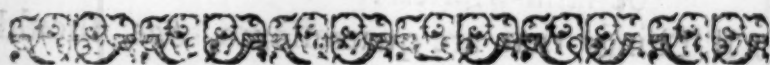
To



To CLOE, Embracing.

OF T *Jove*, they say, descended from above,
And to his Arms receiv'd some mortal
Love:

Once let his Godship's Rule inverted be;
Let mortal Arms enclose Divinity.



On Mr. WALLER.

WALLER was noble, rich, polite, and
young:

Yet *Sidney* flighted him, because he sung:
To small Success in Love great Wits are born;
Superiour Worth when did not Woman scorn?

To



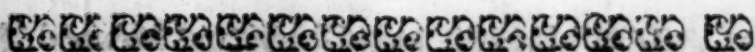
TO SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, forbear the Youth to blame,
 Who would have fain with you been blest'd;
 The Youth who really felt a Flame,
 Strong as the Words in which express'd;
 Who than your Wishes could have been more
 kind,
 And so remain'd as long as Love could bind.

Well you remember how he strove,
 How at your Feet he fighting lay,
 How many Times you scorn'd his Love,
 E'er he receiv'd the dreadful Nay:
 But Fire itself, against a Marble Stone,
 Will by Degrees do as his Love has done.

Had but your Lips or Eyes betray'd
 A Heart inclin'd to yield at length,
 Like Soldiers, when a Breach is made,
 He had renew'd his half spent Strength.
 But two long Years to lie entrench'd in vain,
 What Gen'ral would a longer Siege maintain?

The



The Virgin's Wish.

O What new, what odd Sensations,
 O what glowing Inclinations,
 Trouble all my Virgin Frame !
 Gentle *Cupid* come and ease me !
 Quickly send some Youth to please me !
 Give us both an equal Flame !

Huntress of the Woods and Vallies,
 Pardon Nature's artless Sallies !
 Witness all my Thoughts are pure !
 Pardon, while I seek and cherish
 Mutual Flames that ne'er can perish !
 Love that ever will endure !

Gentle *Cupid* come and ease me !
 Send the Youth design'd to please me !
 Send and teach our Hearts to join !
 To my Wishes form thy Creature !
 Give, O give him much good Nature,
 And a Soul as true as Mine !

STREPHON's



STREPHON's *Complaint.*

'T W A S when prevailing Night had spread
 Her sable Mantle o'er the Earth;
 The *Tulip* clos'd his painted Head,
 Waiting next Morn a gayer Birth;
 No other Noise was heard while *Strepbon* fung;
 These were the Words with which his Accents
 rung.

While, in *Clarinda's* Arms enclos'd,
 Like more than Mortal *Damon* lies;
 While, on her snowy Breasts repos'd,
 In softly melting Raptures dies;
 Ye *Nymphs* and *Nereids* hear a Youth complain,
 Who long *Clarinda* lov'd, but lov'd in vain!

Kindly at first she seem'd to bend;
 And long return'd me Sigh for Sigh;
 Chose out the Day my Pains to end;
 And the too sloathful Day drew nigh;
 I to my Wishes gave their utmost Flight——
 Sure to enjoy them all the following Night.

Damon

Damon appear'd a Week before,
 And with rich Presents sooth'd her Pride ;
 Told her how much he had in Store ;
 She play'd the Woman and comply'd :
 Then curst be all the Sex—— tho' my fond
 Heart
 Could wish *Clarinda* of the Sex no Part.

Beneath a gloomy Willow Shade,
 Hard by a murm'ring River's Side,
 Thus his Complaint young *Strepson* made,
 'Till with Excess of Grief he dy'd——
 'Till all along the Banks, and thro' the Glade,
Eccho his last, his parting Sigh convey'd.



FLORINDA



FLORINDA *and* AMELIA.

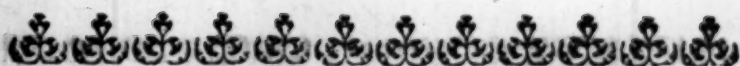
FLORINDA, fond our Hearts to move,
 Forth all at once her Art will call :
 'Tis at first Sight she gains your Love,
 Or she can ne'er disturb at all.

Not so divine *Amelia* tries,
 Nor of such Conquests would she boast ;
 She knows what's taken by Surprise,
 May by the next Surprise be lost.

She, with a softer, easier Grace,
 Kindles at first a gentle Fire ;
 But whensoever you see her Face,
 You may perceive it blazing higher.

What makes me love the last of these,
 Would do the same were both possest ;
Amelia's Charms would always please,
Florinda's Art at first be best.

To



To FLORINDA.

THINK not, *Florinda*, your Disdain
 Shall make me feel one Moment's Pain :
 I to the constant could be true,
 But can despise the scornful too.

What tho' I talk'd of Flames and Darts,
 Of Racks and Tortures, Pains and Smarts ;
 Such common Cant could ne'er have mov'd
 A Thing less vain to think I lov'd.

'Tis true, your Slave I could have been,
 Thro' your Disguise had I not seen ;
 But then I had pretended less——
 Who feels the most can least express.

Nor are you wrong'd——I strove to cheat
 The artful Jilt, the vain Coquet ;
 And, while you glory to be such,
 You ne'er can be deceiv'd too much.

Those

Those Arts which you so fondly prize
 Lose all the Conquests of your Eyes;
 'Tis not enough we once admire,
 True Love's a steady, mutual Fire.

This gen'rous Passion could you know,
 Be more in Truth, and less in Show,
 You still might find your *Damon* true,
 Tho' now he swells as much as you.



E

The



The Judgment of VENUS.

THE *Queen of Love* was lately seen,
 In all her State, on *Bethnal Green*——
 The little *Cupids*, waiting round,
 Pitch'd her Pavilion on the Ground.

The News that *Ida's Queen* was near
 Reach'd each contending Beauty's Ear :
 From all the Hamlets round they pour,
 St. *James's* could not furnish more.

Where *Anna's Zeal*, and *George's Care*,
 Bid a new Church * her Honours rear,
 Thence *Celia* came, the fair and young,
 Attended by a num'rous Throng.

A while the Goddess view'd the Croud——
 Each was importunate and loud ;
Celia alone no Forces tries,
 But those which Nature gave her Eyes.

* *Spittle-Fields.*

The

The Queen, unable to decide,
 Cries, Be your sep'rate Merits try'd—
 In comely Order strait they move;
 Each led by some officious Love.

At last, array'd in ev'ry Grace,
 With careless Air, and easy Pace,
 The envy'd, honour'd *Celia* came,
 While smiling *Cupid's* own'd the Dame.

Confounded, *Venus* left her Throne—
 Fair Mortal, take, said she, your own.
 By Heav'n your Sov'reignty's confest,
 Do you decide among the rest,



The

The



The SEQUEL.

WHEN *Cytherea* came to see
 What Beauties dwelt below,
Celia she said shall Sov'reign be,
Cupid was call'd; and charg'd that he
 Should guard her with his Bow.

At first unhurt her Charms I saw,
 Yet own'd her heav'nly fair,
 But *Cupid* soon produc'd the Law,
 Took up his Bow, and swore he'd draw,
 If I stood gazing there.

Dost think, quoth I, that I'm afraid
 Of what thy Dart can do?
 My Heart shall never be betray'd
 To any false designing Maid——
 Woman cannot be true.

Villair,

Villain, said he, and dost thou dare

My Godhead thus provoke?

Know, since thou dost, I will not spare——

Rebel to Love, have at thee there——

Nor was't in vain he spoke.

At once my Heart transfixt I found——

O who can tell the Pain!

Then, with a light, insulting Bound,

The God came near, and view'd my Wound,

Now mock, said he, again.

I told the Fair my sad Disease;

She thus herself exprest;

'Tis not for me to give you Ease,

A *Queen* must reign, and *thousands* please,

Not be by *one* possess'd.



BUCHANAN's



BUCHANAN's *Rusticus*.

TWAS cold, and young *Roger* had Leave
 from the 'Squire
 To cleave some dry Blocks to recruit his Wife's
 Fire;
 When, at every Blow, from his Stomach there
 broke
 A Hem, or a Hah, near as loud as the Stroke.

His Wife standing by, and demanding the
 Reason,
 Quoth *Hodge*, these Emissions in labouring
 ease one:
 For while Voice and Members at once thus em-
 ploy'd are,
 I drive the Wedge further, and make the Slit
 wider.

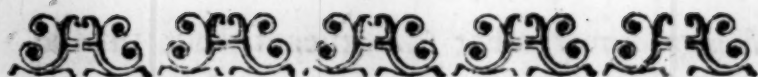
Attentive *Joan* heard, and was silent 'till
 Night,
 When *Roger* performing the conjugal Rite,
 In the midst of the rapturous, amorous Game,
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him
 cry Hem.

Hodge

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable
 to give
 A Comfort so long as his Spouse could receive;
 He cry'd, my Dear Jewel, I can Hem no
 more in;
 There's Odds you must know between *cleaving*
 and *boring*.



To



To Mr. P--- Distiller, at his
Shop-Door.

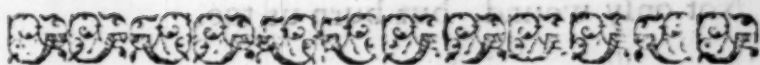
W H E N *Matthew* stood, as you may now,
At the Receipt of Custom ;
Peter came by, *Mat* made a Bow,
And told the Saint he'd trust him.

What Liquor does thy House afford ?
Says *Mat*, good Roman Gin, Sir—
Quoth *Peter*, *Matthew* hear my Word,
And leave this Course of Sin, Sir.

Gin's fit for Infidels and *Jews* ;
No others in thy Shop are ;
Illuminating Sack diffuse,
For G--sp--l Teachers proper.

Believe me Friend, the same good Sort
Is fit for Priests and Poets:
And those who *Peter's* Maxim thwart,
Are little Wits, or no Wits.

To



To AMELIA. *An Epistle.*

MADAM,

ACCEPT this Billetdoux ;
 'Tis meant in earnest, and to you——
 Believe for once what's writ in Rhime,
 And pardon my presumptuous Crime.

The Proverb says, 'Tis wrong to sport
 With what may give a serious Hurt ;
 And Men below, and Gods above,
 All own th' Omnipotence of Love——
 Love, long the Subject of my Jest,
 But now the Tyrant of my Breast,
 But now enabled to controul,
 As thy Vice-gerent, all my Soul.——

'Twas at my Aunts one Ev'ning late
 Upon thy Knees the Rover fate——
 Too well he knew me for his Foe!
 Too soon design'd my Overthrow!
 As thick as Hail his Arrows came——
 All over I began to flame ;

For

For *Cupid's* Darts (I find it true)
Not only wound, but burn us too.

Say Muse, what Points those Arrows bore,
Which did what none could do before?
When *Cloe* destin'd is to sway,
Love from her Eyes purloins a Ray —
When *Myra's* Pow'r some Youth must know,
He with her Girdle strings his Bow —
Ah, had he only us'd such Arms
On me, who fought more lasting Charms!
But when he shot *Amelia's* Words,
I felt worse than a thousand Swords.

O couldst thou, in thy Breast, design
A Passion to resemble mine,
The bare *Idea* on thy Mind
Would leave a lasting Mark behind —
O think *Amelia* what I felt
When first my Soul began to melt!
I saw a Troop of *Cupids* Frisk
On every Card you play'd at Whisk —
Then first I wish'd a Gamester's Skill,
To cut an Ace when thou should'st deal —
Then ev'ry pleasing Way I fought
To recommend me to thy Thought.

Let

Let Fancy feign ! let Pity guesſe !
 For what, alas, can Words expreſs ?
 My Judgment and my Flame agree,
 And all my Wiſhes mount to thee ;
 To thee, from whom alone muſt flow
 My laſting Blifs, or laſting Woe.



Anothe

Let



Another to the same.

My DEAR,

AS those who ask Relief,
By Letter Patent, call'd a Brief,
Their broken Fortunes to recruit,
First state their Case, then make their Suit :
So in the last, or first, I sent,
(By either Word the same is meant)
As I describ'd my sad Disaster,
This comes to beg a proper Plaister.

And, as when People first grow sad,
Preparative to running mad,
No Med'cine in the World can hit 'em
Like Liver of the Dog that bit 'em :
So whence th' Infection first I drew,
My Cure must come, that is from you ;
If therefore you'll but condescend
This once for all to stand my Friend,
The Remedy will easy be——
'Tis but t'apply yourself to me.

Let

Let not my Metaphors affront,
 Because I bring them out so blunt——
 Woman to Man, and Man to Woman,
 Are Applications very common; -
 And ev'ry Body knows, they prove
 The most effectual ones in Love.

This is, in brief, my whole Request,
 And, as the fewest Words are best,
 If on your Side the Bargain's made,
 Let ev'ry Man enjoy his Trade——
 Let some Sir *Crape* our Bus'ness do;
 Clap you to me, and me, to you——
 To which, if quickly you consent,
 You take him right, who wrong ne'er meant.



F

Hymn



Hymn to St. AGNES

HOLY *Agnes*, ever blest,
 Hear a mortal Youth's Request ;
 Let this Night propitious prove
 To my Wishes, and to Love !

Fair *Amelia* at thy Shrine
 Spends this Festival divine ;
 From polluting Viands free,
 Even from her fav'rite Tea.

Thou, nor any Saint above,
 Ne'er more Piety could prove ;
 Ne'er with more Devotion past
 Any solemn annual Fast.

Listen to *Amelia's* Vows !
 Make her very soon a Spouse !
 Let this Night before her bring
 Him, who may despise a King !

Round

Round her Bed let Cupids stand !
 Let them join her to his Hand !
 O that I the Youth might name !
 Love shall do it — 'Tis the same.

Hear me Virgin ever-blest !
 Kindly hear a Youth's Request !
 Let this Night propitious prove
 To my Wishes, and to Love !





*For a Picture of SAUL consulting
the Witch of Endor.*

WHILE gloomy Horror veils the guilty
Place,
And conscious Dread appears on ev'ry Face;
While smoking Incense moves the Shades
below,
And the pale Sorc'ress bodes impending Woe;
To *Saul*, of Heav'n forsaken for his Crimes,
In lawless Ways exploring future Times,
See the dead Prophets rev'rend Form ascend!
This Burst of Thunder destin'd where to spend.

*Why dost thou, Wretch, disturb my awful
Ghost,
To hear of Sceptre, Life, and Children lost?
To-morrow's Sun shall see, by Fate divine,
The Kingdom David's, and Destruction thine!*

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To CLOE. *An Epistle. Original
in its Kind.*

CLOE, this comes to let you know
 With me your Slave how Matters go —
 But oh, what Words contain the Force!
 'Tis cold, to say they ne'er were worse —
 For Bus'ness I am no more fit
 Than powder'd Fop, or pension'd Wit:
 I feed not as I us'd to do;
 And if I Sleep I dream of you.
 In sober sadness I'm so bad,
 You must be kind, or I run mad;
 Or, what's still worse, my Heart will break,
 Dear cruel Cloe, for thy Sake.

If this wont move a Heart of Flint,
 If this be'nt Love, the Devil's in't;
 When you, or *Bedlam*, or the Grave,
 Must your poor, pining Suppliant have!

Perhaps you'll say, you want to know
 What sort of Kindness you must show —

Why

Why Honey, you as much may guess,
 Or more, than I may care t'express;
 However, if I must be free,
 Mind what I say, and gen'rous be.

You're not so young but you have felt
 Your Bosom heave, and Spirits melt;
 Thought what your Parents did before;
 Been sure of much, and guess'd at more——
 You know, when Hands and Hearts combine,
 'Tis but that——Something else may join;
 That this is what we Suitors want,
 With all our whining, formal Cant:
 And, whatsoever some pretend,
 When Women yield, 'tis for this End.——

And must I tell you, after this,
 That I pursue this mutual Bliss?
 The Bliss which you have long'd to try,
 I dare to say, as much as I?——
 If not for mine, for your own Sake,
 Bless me with what you must partake!

But, least you should misconstrue here,
 I'll just explain myself, my Dear——
 I would not lead your Mind astray:
 I mean, in matrimonial Way:

Let

Let Band and Cassock join us first——
 I'll love you duly—— come the worst.——

Cloe, you see I must be plain——
 If then you pity all my Pain
 And can, and will, redress my Woe,
 Say yes at once,—if not, say no——
 If you'll be marry'd, I'm your Man——
 If not—— I must do—— how I can.——

Says *Cupid*, you shall love her still——
 Then one Word more I must and will——
 At least, may this be not in vain!
 If Rival Youths you entertain;
 And if, without Remorse of Mind,
 To more than one you can be kind;
 If Change of Dishes please you best;
 Let me be serv'd among the rest——
 But if to neither you'll agree,
 This Billet burn, and pardon me.



A Fragment.

IN *Cloe's* Chamber, she and I
 Together sate, no Creature nigh——
 The Time and Place combin'd to move
 A Longing for the Joys of Love——
 I sigh'd, and kiss'd, and press'd her Hand——
 Did all—— to make her understand——
 She, pretty, tender-hearted Creature,
 Obey'd the Dictates of good Nature,
 As far as Modesty would let her——
 A melting Virgin seldom Speaks,
 But with her Breasts, and Eyes, and Checks:
 Nor was it hard from these to find
 That *Cloe* had almost—— a Mind——
 Thus far 'twas well, but to proceed,
 What should I do? —Grow bold—— I did——
 At last she falter'd, what would'tt have?
 Your Love said I, or else my Grave.
 Suppose it were the first, quoth she,
 Could you for ever constant be?
 For ever? *Cloe*, by those Eyes,
 Those Bubbies which so fall and rise,

By

By all that's soft, and all that's fair,
By your whole sacred self, I swear,
Your fondest Wishes ne'er shall crave
So constant, so compleat a Slave!
Damon, you know too well the Art,
She sighing said, to reach my Heart!
Yet oh! I can't, I won't comply——
Why will you press? Dear *Damon* why?

Defunct Cætera.

For Cloe coming in one Day,
As on my Desk the Copy lay——
What means this rhiming Fool? she cries,
Why some Folks may believe these Lies!
So on the Flame she threw the Sheet——
I burn'd my Hand to save this Bit.



WOMAN'S

When calling up her Servant *Ned*,
 She frown'd upon him first, then said——

Shame of my House! I understand,
 From a good creditable Hand,
 That you and *Isabell* my Maid
 Drive an abominable Trade!
 But t'other Day you both were seen
 A doing—— you know what I mean:——
 The Story, Knave, begins to ring
 In ev'ry Ear—— a pretty Thing!
 On me the Scandal's like to fix,
 And G—d knows I abhor such Tricks!
 'Twere better, Sirrah, you were dead,
 Than such a Falshood should be spread!

Ned star'd with all the Eyes he had,
 And thought the Gentlewoman mad—
 'Twas known that *Isabell* and he
 Could never in their Lives agree——
 And whence, and how this Charge should rise,
 He could not, for his Soul, devise——
 Yet recollecting all his Strength,
 He bow'd, and thus reply'd—— at length——

Madam, whoe'er this Tale might foster
 As sure as Satan dwells in *Gloster*,

'Tis

'Tis all maliciously design'd
 Against poor *Ned* to turn your Mind——
 For so may Heav'n my Wants supply,
 As ev'ry Tittle proves a Lie !
 Yet, with Submission, if 'twere true,
 Methinks, 'tis something odd that you,
 Whose Life's a Pattern to the Times,
 Should fear a Scandal from my Crimes——

Scarce had he spoke, when all in Tears,
 With blubber'd Cheeks, the Dame appears :
 She sighs, she sobs, she wipes her Eyes,
 And in pathetic Accents cries——

Alas ! dear *Ned*, what Times are these !
 I long for Death, if Heav'n would please !
 This wicked World, how I abhor it !
 Would I could have a better for it !
 My Husband—— Ah that dearest Man !
 Forget his Love I never can——
 He took such Care of my good Name !
 And put all slanderous Tongues to Shame !
 But ah ! he's dead !—— Here Grief again
 Came bubbling up, and stopt the Strain——

Ned was no Fool, he saw his Cue,
 And how to use good Fortune knew——

Old Opportunity at Hand,
 He seiz'd the Lock, and bid him stand—
 Urg'd of what Use a Husband was,
 To vindicate a Woman's Cause ;
 Exclaim'd against the stand'rous Age,
 And swore he could his Soul engage
 That Madam was so free from Fault,
 She ne'er so much as sin'd in Thought :
 Vowing he'd lose each Drop of Blood,
 To make that just Assertion good.

This Logic, which well pleas'd the Dame,
 At the same Time eludes her Shame:
 A Husband for a Husband's Sake,
 Was what she'd ne'er consent to take;
 Yet as the Age was so censorious,
 And *Ned's* Proposals were so glorious,
 She thought 'twas best to take upon her
 A second Guardian of her Honour.



The ELBOW-CHAIR. A Tale.

FOLKS that are wickedly inclin'd
Are not to Modes of Vice confin'd—

Sir *Roger* with his Glafs gets drunk,
His Butler sucks it thro' a Trunk :

So Women of the Town resort
As well to *Paul's*, as to the Court—

'Tis not the Instrument or Place,
But only Peoples Want of Grace.

To set this Thought in proper Light,
One short Example I'll recite.

Dear *R——o*, pardon, if to thee

Of little Use such Stories be ;

Who know'st of sinning Fashions plenty,

And for one Tale canst tell me Twenty——

Sir *Ralph*, a Debauchee of Fame,
Had almost wasted all his Flame—

Which tho' his Helpmate found too true,

His am'rous Cast so well she knew,

That

That she was ne'ertheless afraid
 He'd still be piddling with her Maid—
 A Mind, she thought, so us'd to roam,
 Would ramble still, tho' nearer home :
 And therefore, to prevent him there,
 She always took peculiar Care,
 That, whatsoever *Betty* did,
 They ne'er should meet too near a Bed—
 The curf'd Bed was all she fear'd ;
 Of other Engine she ne'er heard.

No Visit would *Cautilla* pay,
 No Pleasure take, by Night or Day,
 But all the Beds were made before,
 And she lock'd ev'ry Chamber Door—
 Her Dressing-Room she never heeded ;
 There they might go for what they needed ;
 Nay, she could trust 'em any where,
 Provided still no Bed was near—

And, as all Humankind is frail,
 And the most watchful once may fail ;
 As all we do may fruitless prove,
 Without a Blessing from above,
 She daily, at her Elbow-Chair,
 Pnt up for him a sep'rate Pray'r,
 That Heav'n would please to turn his Heart,
 And make him from the Flesh depart—

Nor did she miss, at proper Times,
 To blacken all bad Women's Crimes;
 And very gravely talk to *Betty*,
 (Who, by the Way, was young and pretty)
 Of Chastity, and what a Sin
 It was for Maids to let Men in——

I know, to make my Tale compleat,
 Two hundred Lines are wanting yet;
 (Containing all Sir *Ralpho's* Batteries,
 As Presents, Vows, Intrigues, and Flatteries;
 How *Betty* came at last to yield;
 How long her Master kept the Field)
 But *La Fontaine* is sometimes short;
 And, having such a Pattern for't,
 As my Design requires no more,
 I'll finish with about a Score——

The Pious always can't prevail,
 Temptation's strong, and Flesh is frail;
 In vain are all *Cautilla's* Cares;
 In vain her Precepts, and her Pray'rs;
Betty grows fat, or else 'tis worse,
 My Lady taxes her of course——
 What *Betty*, has your Master done it?
 Yes! *Betty's* Tears and Tremblings own it——

You

You sawcy Baggage, how came this?
 Upon what Bed pray, did he kiss?—
 Speak Huffy, where had you the Key?—
 When did he do it? speak I say—
 You lie with Men! you Slut you! Fie!
I never did— You Whore, you lie!
 No— *I was sitting*— Sitting! where?
Dear Madam, in your Elbow-Chair—

I hope the *T'hesis* I maintain,
 By this Time, may be pretty plain—
 Could any human Means avail,
 In what did poor *Cautilla* fail?
 You'll say, she should have took more Care,
 And not have left her Elbow-Chair—
 What then? was there no Method more?
 Pray, could she take away the Floor?—
 She might have staid at Home— she might,
 But could not they have took a Flight?
 Friend, had she known as much as you,
 I'll warrant they'd have made it do—
 You have, perhaps, a wiser Wife—
 Did you ne'er cheat her in your Life?

METRO-



METROCLES, *or, the Force of*
Fancy. A Tale

AN Orater was Whilom. famous,
Says sage *Erasmus Roterodamus*:
The Place, he gives us Room to guess,
Was *Thebes*-- what in *Bœotia*? yes—
Why not? *Erasmus* finely writ—
And have we no *Hibernian* Wit;

How many Causes he had pleaded,
How oft' had fail'd, how oft' succeeded,
Our Author does not set before ye:
But here begins his genuine Story,

One luckless Day, the *Rostrum* mounted,
His Topics having first recounted,
Mellifluous *Metrocles* (for thus
His Name and Fame descends to us)
Was levelling at the destin'd Passion,
With all the Force of Declamation;

When

When whether, straining Points to high,
 The Strings of Eloquence might fly;
 Or whether Wit, in Form of Wind,
 Broke forth, impatient, from behind;
 What Folks in *English* call a F——t
 Adds a new Figure to his Art.

Is it not strange the Mouth below
 such Force of Argument should show,
 As quite to silence that above,
 And more profound Attention move?
 While the fixt Audience smirking gaz'd,
 At once diverted, and amaz'd,
 The rev'rend Man descends the Place;
 (His Blood collected in his Face)
 Goes home, and fairly takes his Bed
 A thousand Whimfies in his Head:
 Still the dire Crack sounds in his Ear,
 Such publick Shame what Front could bear?

Wise Doctor *Crates* hears the Case,
 ('Twas quickly nois'd all o'er the Place,)
 'Twas his the Patriot to restore,
 And raise the Advocate once more—
 The Case demands his utmost Art,
 And prompt Invention plays her Part:
 Conceit must give the Patient Ease,
 Where Fancy feeds the whole Disease.

In

In all his Catalogue, to find
 The Simple most replete with Wind,
 He now applies—— Lupines are found
 To force the loudest downward Sound——
 He eats a Belly-full of these,
 And goes to visit *Metrocles*.
 The gloomy Wight was all in Tears,
 Deprest, and hipt o'er Head and Ears.

Your Servant Sir—— Sir yours—— were over,
 When *Crates* beg'd him to discover
 What kept so great a Man confin'd——
 'Twas answer'd soon—— Excess of Wind,
 Which work'd it's Way to that Degree,
 No Mortal did such Things as he.

Is that, quoth *Crates*, all the Matter?
 Sure you have never studied Nature!
 Did not the Godhead so create us,
 That Life depends upon a *Flatus*?
 And Wind imprison'd must be freed,
 Or 'twere a Miracle indeed!
 (Mean while the Lupines, inly pent,
 Repeated Volleys backward sent)
 Observe but me! I strive in vain
 The Course of Nature to restrain!
 I never talk without as much——
 The Case with all the Healthy's such.

Crates

Grates was so rever'd a Name,
 His Words were Laws where'er he came :
 His Friend receiv'd the *Ipse dixit*,
 And in his Soul took care to fix it :
 Believ'd, and in the publick *Forum*,
 Prov'd *breaking Wind* preserv'd *Decorum* :
 Apologiz'd for his deserting,
 And wrote *the Benefit of F---ting*.

Authority and Custom then
 Govern'd, as now, the Souls of Men——
 'The Speaker influenc'd the Nation,
 And *F---ting* soon was all the Fashion.



The



The TEA-POT. A TALE.
To MIRA.

THE Day was come, the Morning fine,
You, Madam, promis'd us at Nine;
James rose at Six, and struck a Light,
Mop'd o'er his Room, set all 'Things right;
Then clean'd my Shoes, and bid me rise.
I gap'd, and stretch'd, and rub'd my Eyes—
For Shame! said he, what lie 'till Noon?
Why *Mira* will be coming soon——
Get up and blow, while I fetch Tea,
The Room's all over wet, you see!
Dear me, should *Mira* find it thus,
She'd scold, and fret, and make such Fufs!

Well, up got I, and down goes *Jem*,
Buys Sugar, Butter, Tea, and Cream,
Comes back, and finds me making Rhime—
Bless us! you don't regard the Time!
How can you sit in all your Dirt?
Get shav'd, and wash'd, and put on your Shirt—
It

It wants but half an Hour— The Deuce
 It don't! quoth I, dear *James*, a Truce—
 L—d, I was writing Verses on her—
 Verses? Do something ~~else~~ upon her!
 Believe me, *John*, 'tis downright Dreaming;
 There's better Ways of pleasing Women.

The Clock struck Nine, the Water boild,
 The Cups were rins'd, the Board was pil'd;
James borrow'd Landlady's new Pot,
 And Store of Bread and Butter cut——
 In short, the Equipage was ready,
 But not a Tittle of the Lady——
 What should we do? why, wait 'till Ten——
 Well, so we did—— no *Mira* then——
 What now? now drink the Tea without her,
 And vex ourselves no more about her.

Agreed—— *James* manages the Matter,
 Pours out the Tea, pours in the Water——
 Six Cups a piece—— both Taft and Hue
 Permit, once more, at least, to brew——
 Thought *James*, we'll leave no Strength be-
 hind,
 So fills the Tea-pot to his Mind,
 (The Tea-pot, you must know, was Mettle)
 Then decently takes off the Kettle,

And

And sets, where likeliest to perform it,
The destin'd Utenfil to warm it.

Misfortunes now come a great Pace on,
James turns about, and breaks a Bason;
Mean while the Fire becomes too hot
For Landlady's ill-fated Pot.

All lesser Passions yield to greater——
(So hold the Wife, who study Nature)
With Love Respect was never found;
And Fear in Misery is drown'd:
So present Woes admit no Room
To Dread of Woes that are to come.
James view'd the Fragments on the Floor;
He stamp'd, he scratch'd his Head, he swore;
Fate and his Elbow jointly curs'd;
And thought they both had done their worst,

Alas! poor *James*, thou didst not know,
What thou must bear, what Fate cou'd do!
Much heavier was the Load behind!
More heavy still when both were join'd!
Too soon thy Soul, distracted, felt it,
A Bason broke, a Tea-pot melted!

*Disastrous thus the Moments flew,
Devoted first to Love and you;*

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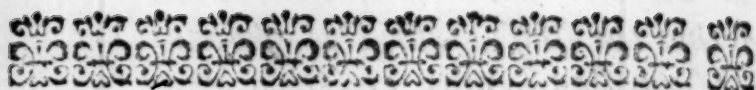
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*Your Absence caus'd our various Woes,
As thus the Muse, instructed, shows:
The Guardian Sylphs, expecting, came
To wait around their fav'rite Dame;
They found you not, and, in Despair,
Wrought this Revenge upon the Ware.*

How *James's* Soul was tortur'd now,
How swell'd his Breast, how look'd his Brow,
To make it in Description shine,
Demands a Skill surpassing mine —
The Storm collected in his Mind,
Whether at you or me design'd,
Nor he could for his Life express,
Nor I was capable to guess —
Thus much, however, I can swear —
Let *James* deny it, if he dare!
While the big Passion wrought within,
And sparkling at his Eyes was seen,
It just permitted him to mutter —
One Shilling Tea, and Bread and Butter!
My Set of Cups, one would not patch it,
So there goes G--d knows what to match it!
Then half a Crown the Pot for Madam!
These Women, would the D — I had 'em!

H

MERCURY'S



MERCURY'S *Embassy* to
London. *A Tale.*

JOVE once was young, as Poets hold—
Then consequently *Jove* grows old ;
And Wisdom, as by Man appears,
Increases with a Person's Years ;
Then Jove must now be wise indeed !
That Point admitted, we proceed.

Grown old and wise ; in nuptial Love,
Some Ages *Jove* had spent above :
Bulls, Swans, and Show'rs, ungrateful Names !
No more promote his lawless Flames :
No Change the Deity desir'd,
Nor much of Men's Affairs enquir'd ;
Or ask'd 'em with no other Views
Than mod'rate Mortals read the News :
Just to reflect on Peoples Actions,
Without engaging in their Factions.

One Morn however (Note, 'tis said,
'Twas *Cupid* put it in his Head.)

Restless,

Restless, he rose before Day-peep,
 And left poor *Juno* fast asleep:
 Walk'd round *Olympus* three Times thrice,
 Shook his illustrious Tresses twice,
 Sate down alone, seem'd inly griev'd,
 And this Soliloquy conceiv'd.

Am I not Sire of Gods and Men?
 Whence flows this dull Indiff'rence then?
 Do Mortals less deserve my Care
 Than when I gave them Peace and War?
 Than when around the Walls of *Troy*
Achilles * drove her only Joy;
 While I held forth my Scales, to weigh
 Th' Event of that important Day?

So having thought, he pull'd, and rung —
 Swifter than Light'ning *Hermes* sprung.

Hermes, quoth he, be thine the Trust,
 (But drink this Glass of *Nectar* first)
 The Trust to ease thy Father's Mind,
 Again to *Politics* inclin'd —
 Methinks I'd more exactly know
 The State of yonder World below.

* *Iliad* 22.

H 2

'Tis

'Tis far—— Intelligence is small——
 Once I was wont to influence all !
 But I've been long difus'd to bear
 The Noise, Fatigue, and Hurry there.
 Books may inform me here at large——
 At *London-Hermes*, mind the Charge !
 Go find a proper Shop, where I
 To-morrow may descend and buy——
 From *Tonson's* search to *Messieurs Knapton's*,
 Who best can furnish me with apt ones.

Whether like Lawyer, Beau, or Priest,
 Officious *Mercury* was drest ;
 How long he stay'd, how far he travel'd,
 Might elegantly be unravel'd.
 But having nothing to infer on't,
 Suffice it—— he perform'd his Errand :
 Came home to *Jupiter* at Even ;
 And thus address'd the Sire of Heaven.

Whatever you enjoin'd your Son,
 Believe me, Thunderer, 'tis done——
 See here a Catalogue of Books !
 (*Jove* takes it in his Hand, and looks.)
 Near that known Place * (the Title view)
 Where Mortals act the most like you,

* *Drury-Lane.*

Fam'd

Fam'd both for Punishments and Sins,
 To-morrow Morn the Sale begins.
 To-morrow, Sir, observe the Nature !
 The sooner you are there the better.

Yet might a faithful Son advise,
 On *Hermes'* Word, would *Jove* be wise,
 In quest of Books *Jove* would not roam,
 But more securely rest at home,
 And leave the whole to my discharging—
 'Tis but to mark upon the Margin.

Jove, thou hast often been outwitted—
 To *Leda's* Beauty who submitted ?
 Who stay'd three Days and Nights abroad,
 While *Juno* wept her absent God ?
 Alas, 'tis easy to be true,
 Pent up from ev'ry Mortal's View !
 Our Faces here are still the same—
 One Queen of Love, one martial Dame !
 Should'st thou descend where I have been,
 Should'st thou behold what I have seen,
 Thy Age, thy Wisdom were in vain:
Jove would relapse, and *Celia* reign !
 Her Charms as much the Sex improve,
 As thou art less inclin'd to Love !



*A True TALE of a Country
Teacher.*

TO preach at R——g B——n came;
The Hearers' Hearts were in a Flame——
Such Talents ought not to be hid!
That we should miss 'em—— God forbid!
No—— we'll engage him here for *Life*;
Let G——r's Waggon fetch his Wife——
His Goods-- ne'er mind - what he may want,
Friends, we can do no less than grant.

New Coat, new Band, new flaxen Wig,
Make him next *Sunday* look so big!
Still more the Sisters' Hearts he moves——
Lord, how the Gentleman improves!
Ordain him, Neighbours, out of Hand;
Nor dare the Voice of Heav'n withstand!

'Tis done—— The *London* Elders meet,
And dub their Brother Priest compleat;

Who

Who now omits no Means, to prove
Himself commission'd from above——
Learns with an Air a Text to box,
And *Hetero*—to make *Ortho-dox* :
Fathers and Sons by turns he teaches ;
And says *In Speech*, as well as preaches :
Is follow'd, honour'd, and obey'd ;
And, what's the Soul of all, well pay'd.

Riches get Pride, and Pride gets Wars——
(So *Vincent's Almanack* declares)
'Tis too familiar to enquire
The Station of their Teacher's Sire ;
Nor will Sir *Rev'rend* condescend
To tell, downright, the nearest Friend :
Yet, when Discourse may glance that Way,
He keeps the Subject still in play ;
And hints obliquely, all he can,
That *somewhere* he was *some great Man*.

Thus Matters went—— when *Sunday* came,
The Face of Things was still the same——
The Pastor deals his Food—— the Sheep
Attend, half weeping, half asleep :
Blest with Stupidity profound,
And taught to trudge in one dull Round.

But

But there's a Youth (what Pity 'tis
 There should be such a Youth as this!)
 Who buys old Books, fets up a Nights,
 Reads, talks, disputes, and Verses writes.
 Sad Case! This *John* (so was he nam'd)
 To speak it out was not asham'd,
 How *B——n* pleas'd him such a Day;
 And when he came disturb'd away:
 Yet many pious Men presage
 This Lad will edifie the Age:
 They see a Teacher in his Face,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Gift and Grace.

Soon as the Story reach'd his Ears,
 (So formidable *John* appears)
 Our doughty Doctor apprehends
 Such Words may influence the Friends:
 Ev'n now he thinks his Int'rest sinking,
 (Things *John* was far enough from thinking)
 Fears 'twill conclude in his Disgrace,
 And *John's* Promotion to the Place.

The Parson fears — Are Parsons idle,
 When People seem to bite the Bridle?
 Do they with Meekness use to bear
 The distant Object of their Fear?

Far from it—— *John* must be remov'd,
 And all who favour him reprov'd.
 No Time to lose—— a Show of Truth
 Must first engage th' incautious Youth.
Mary, to John at Freeman's go,
I'd gladly speak a Word-- or so.

The Servant goes—— the Youth obeys,
P——n grows lavish in his Praise.
For the great Work design'd by Heav'n,
Else why those fine Endowments giv'n?
So young, 'twas wond'rous he could speak
So much good Latin, so much Greek!
None fitter for the Churches use,
Permit but him to introduce.

This Part secure, the other Side
 With equal Art must now be ply'd:
 Here all his Learning he employs
 Against encouraging such Boys—
What under Twenty? 'tis too young!
Besides, he wants the Latin Tongue!
And he's so stupid, I discern it,
He'd not be capable to learn it
From Fifteen Years to Five and Forty——
So, good my Friends, let me dehort ye!

Think

*Think such a Fellow can improve ye?
He'll sooner make a Babel of ye!*

It makes a Story pass on dully,
To tell Particulars too fully.
The Parson plots, the Youth perceives it,
Dislikes his native Place, and leaves it.
Puts on clean Shirt, and *Sunday's* Suit;
So tramps it up to Town on Foot:
Chagrin'd in Mind, and poor in Purse,
What Circumstances could be worse?

Establish'd in so warm a Nest,
Think how elate the Victor Priest!
Well educated, highly born,
He swells, and treats Mankind with Scorn:
Nor further Trouble fears to know
From an expell'd, degraded Foe.

Our Pilgrim Youth, oppress'd with Care,
No Means of Life, no Prospect near;
Upon the Road, it has been said,
To Goddess *Nemesis* he pray'd——
But *John's* a sounder Christian far,
Than by such *Pagan* Ways to err——
Some better Power, in whom his Trust is,
Remark'd, and thus repay'd th' Injustice.

'Tis

'Tis no great Miracle old Shoes
In forty Miles their Heels should lose——
This was the Case—— thus *John* arriv'd
Perceiv'd his *Calceaments* depriv'd.
The Loss his weary Feet distress,
Yet onward thro' the Croud he press'd,
'Till near his destin'd Place of Rest.

Where * tatter'd Garments wave on high
He found a Stall, and, sitting by,
Bade *Crispin* the Defect supply.
For Two-pence Master I proceed,
You'll have them instantly—— Agreed--

John views the Cobbler o'er and o'er——
Have I not seen this Face before?
I'm sure the Features are the same ——
Pray, Father, what may be your Name?
My Name Sir's B---n, Friend, I know
The Name right well, quoth *John*--- Say so?
Whom know you of it pray? A Teacher.
Where pray? At R---d---g--- As a Preacher,
Pray do the People like him there?
The Cobbler cry'd, with seeming Care—

* Rag-Fair.

Crispin,

*Crispin, quoth John, excuse me this,
 He us'd me very much amiss;
 Here take your Price--- Low Crispin bow'd,
 And sigh'd, and whisper'd out aloud,
 Peter misuse you? don't say so Man---
 I thought my Son would injure no Man.*

*Two Uses from this Story flow,
 One Suits the High, and one the Low---*

*B---n is not the only A---
 Who, rais'd by Fortune, Friends, or Brags,
 Too soon forgetting whence he sprung,
 Has liv'd to hear his Folly sung.*

*Like John, the injur'd often meet
 Revenge--- and all Revenge is sweet.*





A Caution to Critics.

WHEN B--n heard that *John* made Verse,
 He goes, and begs him to rehearse.
You make a Poet, John? quoth he,
Why you're unlearn'd, it cannot be :
'Tis true, the Fancy's good enough,
But then the Language is such Stuff,

Sir, these were writ five Tears ago——
Some later Piece, quoth B——n, shew.

Home goes the Priest; *John* writes a Poem,
 Copies it fair, and runs to show him.
See, Sir, the last I ever made——
Dear John, quoth B——n, mind thy Trade!
Here's Language, that's the most I can say,
For, Lack a Day, I see no Fancy!

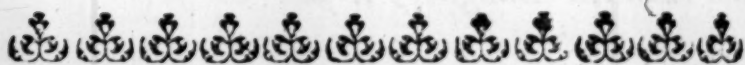
Confirm'd this Thirtieth of November,
Lyars and Critics should remember,



A PUN.

WITH powder'd Wig, starch'd Band, and
priestly Air,

B——n for *Souls* pretends a World of Care—
Why should not *B——n* in his Practice shine?
His Father mended well a *Sole* of mine.



*Inscription for a Tankard, won by a
Mare call'd Jenny---- The opposite
Gentlemen having been Merry a lit-
tle too soon.*

WHILE round to *Jenny's* Health the
Goblet moves,

If gen'rous as her Blood the Liquor proves,
Far above *theirs*, our juster Mirth shall rise,
Who, ere the Tryal, triumph'd in the Prize.

Lest



*Lest for a Friend where I expected to
meet him, upon being inform'd that he
was Sick in Bed, and happening at
the same Time to see a Billet-Doux
which he had begun to write.*

THE Father averse, and the Fair One un-
kind,

'Tis enough, my good Friend, to ruffle thy
Mind——

Yet why keep thy Bed, and avoid Conversation?
Gods! are there no Women but her in the
Nation?

Rise, pluck up thy Spirits, and finish thy
Billet,

With keenest Invectives disdainfully fill it;

Then turn to some other, and be not so froward,

The Second may bend, tho' the First was un-
toward.

Prologue

Lest



Prologue for a private Representation of CATO, by a Company of young Gentlemen.

PROLOGUES to Plays, and Prefaces to Books,

Without their Help, how awkwardly it looks?
 Our *Cato's* Author, tho' excell'd by no Man,
 With Prologue chose to introduce his *Roman*.
Dan Pope harangu'd in such a lofty Strain,
 As in Friend *Aldi*. had been counted vain;
 The Audience must applaud, or they were
 short All——

A pretty Way of getting Fame immortal!

It had Success—— throng'd was the House
 of *Drury*;
 Both Factions clap'd with more than civil
 Fury——

Cato's now Sterling Coin, that you must take;
 But what Excuses shall we Players make?

If

If Actors' Souls should like their Heros' be,
 To make the Scenes all natural and free,
 Bless us! what *Romans* you are like to see!
 How shall we swell with Sentiments heroic?
 At Twenty, Sirs, can you expect a Stoic?
 At least, we hope, no Character felonious,
 No real *Syphax*, or no true *Sempronius*—
 We may have *Marc.* or *Juba's* weaker Side---
 The soft Captivity who has not try'd?
 But then our Fates are, like our *Cloe's*, kind;
 If we possess, 'tis difficult to find
 When we have shown such Bravery of Mind.

You think these Reasons should have kept
 us hence,
 Our forward Want of Judgment gives Offence--
 Well, to your Favour then let this restore us---
 Drawn on by Fame, we read the Piece before us;
 We glow'd, we read again, the generous Heat
 Warm'd all our Blood, and in our Pulses beat;
 The Godlike Patriot stood before our Eyes;
 We saw his little Senate round him rise!
 Each Youth was lifted to a *Cato's* Son;
 And, in his Thought, the Race of Virtue run;
 Put on the Person, as the Language fir'd;
 And gave up all his Soul to be inspir'd!

Forgive

Forgive us then, if, warm in Virtue's Cause,
 We greatly seek, but not deserve Applause---
 Expect not us to charm, or wound the Heart,
 With *Booth's* Authority, and *Wilks's* Art---
 For who can do it? * *Juba* is no more!
 Great *Cato's* Silence all the Nine deplore!
 The mimic Father faintly strikes our Ears;
 And scarcely the *Numidian's* Shade appears--
 Beauty and Grace have left the *British* Stage,
 And Tragedy herself feels the Decays of Age!

To draw in Miniature each Actor strives
 Virtues we'd copy largely in our Lives;
 Or make our Souls with Indignation rise
 Against the Villain, in whate'er Disguise---
 Ye Ladies then, espouse fair Virtue's Part;
 And in Reward claim each a faithful Heart:
 In our Attempt our Resolution see;
 And bear us Witness what we wish to be.

* *These Lines allude to Mr. Wilks's Death,*
and Mr. Booth's incapacity to play.

Epilogue



*Epilogue for LUCIA, on the same
Occasion.*

NOW all are dead that were to die to Day,
 And my *Dadda* has * moraliz'd the
 Play,
 One would have thought there was no more
 to say ;
 But, thank good Friends, we better taught
 have been;
 They tell us Mirth must close the Tragic
 Scene,
 For fear the *Beaux* should bear away the
 Spleen.
 Whate'er the Play, the Epilogue should burst
 'em—
 So all the Learn'd affirm, the unlearn'd trust
 'em,
 Well-- We obsequiously submit to Custom.

* *Alluding to the last Speech of Lucius.*

Thus

Thus leaving all Disputes to *Drama-Fac-*
tors,

Ladies, let's criticise on these young Actors!
These Blades, who, void of *Greek*, well read
in *Plato*,
Without Philosophy pretend to copy *Cato*!
What send a Woman to apologize?
No--- mimic *Romans*---I shall tell no Lies---

The *Romans*, Ladies, were a sturdy Nation;
They frequently sent forth some new Plantation;
Where'er they saw uncultivated Ground,
With Manners, and with Men, they stock'd
it round;
At Honour's Call in shining Steel they harness'd;
They lov'd, they fought, they did all Things
in earnest--

These are mere Shadows of that mighty People,
Mimic'd by them, as *Nisus* by a Cripple--
(*Nisus*, as learned *Virgil* tells the Story,
Run e'er so swift, would always run before ye.)
But 'tis a Scandal to compare 'em so---
An ancient *Roman*, and a modern Beau!
'Tis like the Sun against a Farthing Candle!
'Tis like my Arm against * this puny Handle!

* *Pointing to the Handle of her Fan.*

And

And then that *Juba*, that polite *Numidian*,
 In all this mighty Bustle what has he done ?
 'Tis true, he drew his Sword, he slew his Man;
 But 'twas a Pigmy fought against a Crane !
 L---d, had we had some true *Sempronius* here,
 Such as I've mention'd, and as *Romans* were,
 He'd soon have made the gay Sir *Fopling* totter;
 For *Marcia's* Part, he bravely must have got her!

And, Ladies, where had then been *Mar-*
cia's loss ?
 A Hero for a Beau, a mighty Cross!

Well-- to conclude--The World is all a Stage;
 The Fool in Public oft' appears a Sage;
 Vain Coxcombs may impose upon the Grave;
 And Cowards find a Time to dare the Brave;
 But who in private Life can play the *Roman*,
 'Tis he's the Man to please an *English* Woman.



Extempore,



*Extempore, to a Friend with whom I
had lain the Night before--- upon
missing my Pocket Book.*

Dear SIR,

CONFUSION, Rage, and Grief as
Compleat as mine, admit no Preface!
I've lost (alas! what had I more?)
All my immense poetic Store!
A Pocket-Book, in Vellum bound,
Fill'd with good Verse, and Sense profound!
The Labour of full three Years past,
Design'd eternally to last!

If thou hast found (O how I dread
Thou hast not found!) upon the Bed,
Or by it's Side, the Thing I seek,
To ease my Soul, dear Friend, be quick---
Henceforth in Coffer close I'll lock it,
Nor trust such Treasure to my Pocket!

To



To Mr. J. W. A very elegant
Epistle.

AS I have at present but very little Time,
Without endeavouring after the Stile
sublime,
I'll send thee a Letter in plain Country Rhime,
Such as we were wont to use in our own native
Clime.

When a-down *Coley* long Lane we us'd to
walk,
With *Ambrose*, and with *Joseph*, and with
many more young Folk :
Where of *Nanny*, *Sally*, *Becky*, and *Jenny*
we would so talk ;
And sometimes upon the Benches write their
Names in Chalk.

*O how the pleasing Thought my Breast in-
flames !*

*Fain would I grow harmonious on the Names
Of all those lovely Nymphs of Kennet and of
Thames !*

But, as I said before, I must let my Fancy
flag !
And only inform thee that I have lately play'd
the Wag,
And publish'd a Poem, entitled, *The Hunting
of the Stag ;*
Occasion'd by a certain *Great Man's* tumbling
from his Nag---
I mean a greater Man than the noted Sir *Robert
Fag.*

I have made my Stag therein very boldly
reason,
And, Faith, some People tell me he almost
thinks Treason ;
For which the aforefaid *Great Man* may chance
to seize one,
And clap one up, as the Saying is, in a Prison.

From

From thence, they aver, I may be advanc'd
to a Place,
(Some affirm 'tis an Honour, others assert 'tis a
Disgrace)
Thro' three Peep-holes to thrust my two Fists
and my Face;
And suffer a whole Hour the Rage of the
Populace.

Now, as I know you have long ow'd me a
Grudge,
Because to come and see you I so very seldom
budge,
That Day to *Charing-Cross* I would have you
trudge,
That there, among the Mob, with rotten Eggs
you may drudge.

But if you would have the Book before they
are all engross'd,
You may send a Waterman for it with very lit-
tle Cost;
I don't care to trust it by the Penny Post,
For Fear the wonderful Productions of my
Brain should be lost.

K

Besides,

Besides, if you send a Messenger, he may
 bring
 The trim Sonnets which *Johnny Gay* did
 whilom sing ;
 For well I weet you promis'd me such a Thing:
 And I hope you make some Conscience of
 Promising
 So no more at present, but remaining

*Your Friend and Servant, I conclude
 This my Epistle short and rude.*





*A very critical and moral Epistle,
To the Same.*

MY Candle's out, and I'm in Bed ;
Yet, since 'tis popt into my Head
To send you Verses half a Sheet,
I'll write 'em now— What Time so meet?
The Muses, or whate'er you name 'em,
Who blow in Poets, and inflame 'em,
Do all their Work by Fits and Starts :
And scorn the Rules of vulgar Arts.
We must embrace the present Rapture ;
For timing Things is half the Chapter.

You'll write, says *John*, but how'll you write
(And laughs in Sleeve) without a Light ?
Dear *Johnny*, hast thou never read
Of certain Closets in the Head,
Where Poets keep *Amaruenses*,
To take in Short-hand all their Fancies ;
'Till they, by Day-light, or by Taper,
Transcribe them forth with Ink and Paper ?

'Tis very like, my Friend replies,
How Folks may live, and grow more wise!
Yet let us not without Doors chatter,
But enter on the Subject Matter.

The Subject? prithee, what dost mean?
In Letters, when are Subjects seen?
If I write on, and write to please ye,
In Name of Goodness *John*, be easy.

Your Wits two thousand Years ago,
Who strove to please, and teach Folks too,
I own, had always some Design,
Which they pursu'd thro' ev'ry Line:
I think the Criticks call it Moral;
And say they minded that before all.

Thus *Homer's* Moral, by them found,
Is, Fifty Sticks in Faggot bound,
Are always harder to be broke
Than when they sep'rately are took.
'This *Thesis*, by Examples plenty,
Is clear'd in *Libris* Four and Twenty.

So *Virgil* wrote twelve Books, to prove
That if we Plants from *Troy* remove,

They

They can't be made to grow at *Carthage*;
 But pine without *Italian* Earthage—
 That Wind and Rain will kill them there,
 Without a plaguety deal of Care.

I say, the *Greeks* and *Romans* thus
 (But what is *Greece* and *Rome* to us?)
 Had Meanings— Why they had their Way,
 And so have we as well as they—
 Are we oblig'd such Pains to take?
 No— we may write for writing sake.

Nor should'st thou, *John*, esteem it strange,
 That Modes of Wit like Dresses change;
 We Moderns see the Ancients' Faults—
 (From *Pope* I had these two fine Thoughts)
 And least the Schools, in future Times,
 Should write dull Comments on our Rhimes;
 Is it not politickly done,
 To leave them nought to write upon?

But you have *Waller's* Words at hand,
 That *Engliſh* Poets write in Sand;
 And therefore need not fear the Rage,
 Or Dullness, of a future Age.

'Tis granted Friend— yet you'll agree,
 This Thought concludes as much for me;
 Could

Could *Englismen* like *Romans* write,
 By mingling Profit with Delight,
 Were it not Labour spent in Vain,
 Unless our Language would remain?
 'Tis not a dissimiliar Case
 To his, that holds his Land by Lease;
 Who never builds with half the Care
 As tho' Hereditary 'were;
 If *Dryden* must, as *Pope* has wrote,
 Lose all the Charms he now has got:
 If all must grow like Father *Chaucer*;
 Niceness is Nonsense for that Cause Sir.

Besides, why should not we give Way
 To those who next may come in play?
 When like the Man, the Poem dies,
 There's Room for other Bards to rise.
 Had *Prior* not so finely writ,
 Mine might have past for Sterling Wit.
 A great Man truly Charitable,
 Should never do the best he's able.

'Then write yourself, says *John*, for me—
 I find ev'n Wit is Vanity——
 'Tis true, my Friend—— This serious Thought
 Into my Head has Fifty brought:
 A few of which, dispos'd in Meeter,
 Shall close my Eyes, and end my Letter.

Old

Old *Dennis* here would storm, and swear
 Such Stuff as this he could not bear :
 Would set in meet Array before us
 Some Verses of his Master *Horace*—
 Then, in a learn'd and long Harangue,
 That Author's Sides would shrewdly bang
 Who joins the Lyon and the Whale ;
 The Woman's Head and Fishes Tail.

To fall from Joking to Reflecting,
 The Rules of Unity neglecting,
 I can't affirm 'tis following Nature,
 As *Horace*, or as *Dennis* state her ;
 Yet, by their Leaves, debarring Strife,
 'Tis imitating human Life.

Our Youth, what is it but a Jest,
 A thousand diff'rent Ways exprest ?
 We dress, we drink, affect an Air,
 Swear, lie, and compliment the Fair,
 See Plays, and ev'ry Pleasure try,
 Which Mode or Fancy can supply.
 Those who most regularly move,
 Get tipfie, laugh, and fall in Love,
 And oft' a pliant Conscience strain,
 That, *a la mode*, they may be vain ;

Thus

Thus 'till repeated Follies weary us;
 Then we recant, grow wise and serious,
 A little o'er our Madness weep,
 Bid all good Night, and drop Asleep.

Consider *John*, that Phantom Dame
 Whom Chance, or Fortune, Mortals name;
 If such a Pow'r there be, we find
 She's fickle, foolish, and unkind:
 Her Gifts, both good and bad, she deals,
 And knows no Cause, or none reveals;
 Nor does she oft' reduce to measure
 Fruits of her good or evil Pleasure.

Yet, grant all this, 'tis obvious still,
 That Man's great Foe is his own Will —
 That Fortune we too often blame,
 When 'tis ourselves should take the Shame,
 For what's the natural Effect
 Of our Perverseness, or Neglect.

He meets with Pleasure, who surveys
 The vast variety of Ways,
 In which we erring Mortals try
 For what we call Felicity:
 While all are obstinately right,
 And would for our Opinions fight.

We

We make a meritorious Good
Of Error, stubbornly pursu'd ;
And if our End we chance to miss,
Why— Fortune was a Jilt for this.

You place your Bliss in social Things,
The Joys which Love or Liquor brings ;
Your Glass, your Friend, your *Polly* kind,
Are all the Comforts you can find ;
A Frown is worse than empty Breeches,
(So far our fav'rite Thought bewitches)
Yet Frowns and empty Breeches too
Are Fortune's Fault, tho' caus'd by you.

With equal Zeal we Poets write,
And call the Muses our Delight.
Their Aid invok'd, we swell, we rise,
Thro' airy Regions Fancy flies——
The Reason's plain, we seek a Name,
And place our Happiness in Fame.
Whether we merit Praise or no,
(Provided we believe we do,)
If all our Pains can none procure,
Fortune must bear the Blame, be sure !

Believe me *John*, our Eyes are dim,
Few Things are really what they seem.

Or

Or there's no perfect human Bliss,
 Or all Mankind the Way to't miss.
 When you survey *Maria's* Charms,
 You see a Heaven in her Arms;
 Unfully'd Joys at Distance lie;
 But vanish as they draw more nigh——
 The Crown of all your Hopes will prove
 That real Cares are mix'd with Love.

So we, who court a fleeting Breath
 To keep our Memories after Death;
 When mounted high on Fancy's Wings,
 Prefer our Hopes to being Kings:
 But could we gain immortal Praise,
 What is the shad'wy Thing we raise?
 'Tis but an Empire in the Air——
 Our Names, not we, must govern there.

If you believe Freewill in Man;
 Blame Chance, or Fortune, how you can:
 The Idol we adore, we chuse,
 Your Bottle you, and I my Muse——
 'Tis in ourselves, if we pursue
 Too closely, what we falsely View.
 And Disappointments are the Fruits
 Of over-eager, fond Pursuits.
 'Tis but to moderate the Mind
 Where too impetuously inclin'd.

The

The Remedy is in our Pow'rs ;
So 'tis not Fortune's Fault, but ours.

But if we think there's something fatal
In Planets' Place, at Season natal ;
Or that, from whatsoever Cause,
All Things are fixt by certain Laws :
'Tis consequently true, that I
Am destin'd thus to Poetry ;
And that to Fate alone 'tis due,
That Rhiming does not reign in you.

Take either Scheme, and where will be
Dame Fortune's fancy'd Deity ?
If Freewill in the Creature rest,
She can but counterplot at best :
If Things in destin'd Order fall,
Poor Chance has got no Chance at all.

'Tis hard, impos'd upon by Fashion,
And prejudic'd by Inclination,
To guess what Force is in ourselves ;
If we are Stocks, or active Elves——
Thus much we know—— The human Mind
If 'tis compell'd, 'tis first inclin'd :
And has, at least, a kind of Choice,
As Court Dependants have a Voice.

Or

Or if 'tis left to pick and chuse,
 'Tis byass'd still by partial Views ;
 'Till Actions, which at first were free,
 Tell something like Necessity.
 I find myself constrain'd to write,
 As you to see your Girl at Night.

'Tis proper we some Use should make——
 Men argue for the Inference' Sake.
 I therefore hence conclude, That Bliss,
 If such a Thing there be, is this——
 By well proportion'd Hopes and Fears,
 To antedate our Joys and Cares :
 That, from what Cause foe'er they rise,
 Nor Joys, nor Cares may e'er Surprise.

Since Fame still flies the fond Pursuer,
 Since sensual Pleasures can't endure,
 Be temp'rate you in Love and Drink,
 And may I moderately think——
 Let Fame select me if she will ;
 But, let her catch me by the Heel !
 Let Pleasure shew you all her Glory ;
 You know her Joys are transitory——
 Be ne'er transported nor deprest,
 And leave to Providence the rest.

DICK



A very reasonable BILLET DOUX:

FAIR Nymph, that I love you, and long
 for your Love,
 Is what I have often endeavour'd to prove ;
 That you are unkind, and that I live in Pain,
 Have also been mention'd again and again ;
 Without my repeating these Things in this
 Place,
 Permit me now fairly to reason the Case.

First then, as to Merit, the Thing you pursue,
 So needfull in all, so conspicuous in you,
 I shall not determine how much I possess ;
 But, Madam, you may have a Man that has less ;
 I speak what I think, am what I appear,
 And is there no Merit in being Sincere ?

Your Charms, 'tis confest, might engage an
 Adonis,
 But tell me, dear Madam, where that Phoenix
 One is ?

Or grant you could find, were you sure of your
Swain?

Bright *Venus*, you know, went a courting in vain—
As *Englishmen* run, you can have small Ob-
jection;

Tho' far be it from me to think of Perfection!

My Fortune, 'tis granted——But why should
I mention

What ought not to bias a Lover's Intention?

Mars put off his Trophies to visit his Goddess,
And Painters hold she had not one * Pair of
Boddice:

The Value of Money lies all in Opinion;
Love only is current in *Cupid's* Dominion.

To sum up the Matter—Whate'er I inherit,
A Soul that is gratefull can never want Merit—
Your Fancy has Power my Person to mould;
And Riches consist not in Silver and Gold;
So pity my Passion, I humbly beseech,
That I may be gratefull, and handsome, and
Rich!

* Alluding to the Custom of painting *Venus*
naked.

Extempore,



Extempore, *at the Painting Clee's
Picture.*

WHY Painter, you have done your Part,
I own th' Intention bold and good :
It finds some Passage to my Heart,
Which nothing quite unlike her could.

But view again that Shape ! that Air !
That Hand ! that Eye ! that Lip ! that Cheek !
There's still Abundance in my Fair,
Which you can't paint, which I can't speak !

Am I not right ? once more behold !
Behold, and feel Conviction rise !
Thy Lines are faint, thy Colours cold—
He fails, my Friend, whoever tries,

Yet let him try, defie his Skill:
Smile at the utmost Art can do :
Tell the Presumer, if he will,
He may attempt Love's Goddess too.



The DIURNAL *An Epistle to*
Mr. B. G.

A Rhiming Letter now and then,
From City *Jack* to Country *Ben*;
Or, if the Verse as well would end,
From *John* to *Benjamin* his Friend;
Will still, I hope, as welcome be
As once the Author's Company.

And as 'twas ne'er my Custom, quite
To miss myself in what I write,
So, now I've nothing else to say,
I'll tell thee how I spend the Day.

Imprimis Then, for Methods sake,
('Tis not my Will, so don't mistake)
I'm none of those uneasy Fellows
Who leave at Five o'Clock their Pillows;

I think, as well as sleep, on mine,
And often keep it warm 'till Nine.

If Stock will rise, as soon as up,
I travel to the Rice-Milk Shop:
A Penn'worth is my usual Stint——
Id est, about a *London* Pint.

My Fast thus broke, I go and write
Whate'er I study'd over Night——
If Muse flew high, with limping Feet,
I fill about a Farthing Sheet.
This safely kept 'till Night, it follows,
I read it o'er to Friends at *Rollo's*,
Who praise or blame, as they think fit:
For Rollo is himself a Wit.

But whither would the Muse rove on?
'Tis Night before the Morning's gone——
At Cousin *John's* I read the News,
At least, th' Advertisements peruse,
My Garters tie, and wash my Face,
Adjust my Stock and Wig with Grace,
Then take a little Turn abroad——
No Matter whither, 'tis my Road.

Sometimes indeed, in quest of Trade,
Across *Moorfields* my Tour is made;

L 3

There

There either Way in Books I deal ;
 For Pleasure buy, or Dinner sell,
 According as my Coin will tell :
 Tho' truly, for a good while past,
 I've chiefly exercis'd the last.

To *Cornhill* oft' I us'd to range,
 And read the Pamphlets at the 'Change ;
 But once, by an unlucky Flirt,
 I brush'd one down into the Dirt ;
 And, having then no Pence to buy,
 I've ever since been mighty shy.

But that which fires my Fancy best,
 And pleases more than all the rest,
 Is, when I silently confer
 With Poets' Tombs at *Westminster*——
 Who knows, think I, what Time may give ?
 These did not all in Splendor live——
 Methinks I have a Bust in view,
 While I am writing this to you.

Rice-Milk at best is hungry Diet,
 The Worm no longer will be quiet ;
 'Tis Twelve o'Clock, I seek Relief
 From hot *Ox-Cheek*, or *Leg of Beef* :
 If *Rhino* runs too thin, 'tis true,
 A Roul, and Bit of Cheese must do :

But

But if the Crop be pretty rank,
A Mefs of Broth and Slice of Flank.

Well, I have din'd *in Thought* you know :
Methinks, I wish *in Fact* 'twere so !
Now *Horace* may be read a While,
His Thoughts confider'd, and his Stile ;
Or else, some Modern of our own,
As *Milton*, *Pope*, or *Addison* ;
Or, when in merrier Mood I am,
Some Page of *Swift*, or *Mat*, * or *Sam*. †

What never done ? I hear thee say—
I'll read no more—— 'tis Market-Day—]
This once, my little Friend, be stout,
And see a Scribbling Rhimster out !
'Tis *Three*—— and, not to be prolix,
We'll pass by all the rest 'till *Six* ;
(Perhaps I take a Game at Skittles,
At some Friend's House read what I've writ
else.)
From *Six* 'till *Eight* is spent as 'foresaid,
With Wits—of that be there no more said.—

At *Eight*, says *Ben*, I go to Bed,
To sit up late disturbs my Head——

* Prior.

† Butler.

But

But

But *London* Heads, my Friend, are stronger;
 And hold it always two Hours longer.
 At *Eight* I leave the Men of Sense,
 And Politicks at *John's* commence;
 Talk over all th' Affairs of *Europe*;
 What Minister deserves a new Rope;
 Which Nation loses Ground, which gets it;
 Who forms the Scheme, and who o'ersets it;
 What *W*——e drives at most, what *Fleury*——
 I take it thus, how is't in your Eye?

These Points, I say, from *Eight* 'till *Ten*,
 I prattle o'er, with other Men—
 At *Ten*, we set the Nations right,
 I bid the Company good Night,
 Get home to Bed, there think and sleep
 'Till *Nine* next Day—— This course I keep.

'Tis no Epistolary Strain,
 Without a Compliment, or Twain—
 Take then what Love a Verse can bring,
 (If Love in Verse be any Thing)
 The greatest Part belongs to you;
 The rest divide among the Few
 Who best deserve the Name of Friend——
 'Tis not amiss with Love to end.

FRIENDSHIP.



FRIENDSHIP. A second Epistle,
To the Same.

SO many tedious Weeks are past,
Without an Answer to my last,
While I from Post to Post expect,
'Tis just to censure thy Neglect—
A faithful Heart where shall I find,
If *Benjamin* becomes unkind?

The Man whom Words or Forms offend,
But ill deserves the Name of Friend :
Yet Friendship, generous and sincere,
Can no indiff'rent Treatment bear ;
The Heart that regularly burns,
Must have of Flame exact Returns.

To blame thee in a pleasant Strain,
The Muse design'd—— But strove in vain—
The noblest Passions of the Mind
Have Sentiments the most refin'd :

For

For ever Serious are the Joys
Which Friendship gives— Neglect destroys.

And canst thou, *Benjamin*! forget
How oft', how eagerly we met ;
How, on each other's ardent Breast,
We eas'd our Souls, with Cares oppress'd ;
While yet no envious forty Miles,
While yet no interposing Toils,
The truest Pair afunder plac'd,
That e'er the Name of Friendship grac'd ?

O why should forty Miles divide
What makes the distant Poles ally'd ?
Are not the *Indies* often join'd,
When parted Friends possess one Mind ?

But *Benjamin* revolves no more
The sacred Name of Friendship o'er !
His Soul, that once no Winter felt,
Has now, alafs ! forgot to melt !
Still knew thy Heart its wonted Care,
Mine could not but perceive it here !

Why should the Muse on Art depend,
Of Friendship writing—— to a Friend ?
Or thy own Mem'ry will revive
Thy Flame, or Art in vain would strive !

Remember

Remember how, when Market Day
 To *Henley* fummon'd thee away,
 Tho' short thy stay, the Danger small,
 We weekly mourn'd th' unwelcome Call;
 And own'd the Throbs of kindred Hearts,
 When Friend from Friend, unwilling parts.

Or, when the Bounty of it's Lord,
 A- Mornings, drew me to thy Board,
 What kind, endearing Things we spoke,
 While, o'er the Coffee's chearful Smoke,
 At once our Minds and Fasts we broke!
 Each drank his Cup, and told his Grief;
 And each, alternate, gave Relief!

Or when, to shun *December's* Cold,
 We by thy Chimney Stories told;
 While *George's* Beer, or *Chappel's* Wine
 Refresh'd our Souls, and made 'em shine;
 If in our Way some Instance came,
 Of a superior, brighter Flame,
 (As how young *Pylades* would bleed,) }
 In his devoted Partner's stead,
 Our Sentence always us'd to be,
Such Love, my Friend, is mine to thee.

How wilt thou, *John*, the Task sustain,
 To view thy native Place again?

But

But few Relations are thy Friends :
 Thou lov'st thy Muse, they their own Ends !
 How wilt thou walk the scornfull Town ?
 How face thy Unkle's surly Frown ?
 Thy Unkle's Frown, which on thy Mind
 Had small Effect, while *Ben* was kind,
 Shall now with double Force prevail,
 And thy poor Heart beneath it fail !

O say my Friend ! say what the Cause
 Which makes thee slight those sacred Laws
 By which our Kindred Souls were bound,
 'Till each itself in t'other found ?
 Or rather, why dost quench the Flame,
 By which refin'd, they grew the same :
 As in th' eternal Soul they lay ;
 Ere, breath'd from thence, they dwelt in Clay ?

Think not th' Expressions are too bold !
 How can strong Passion be controul'd ?
 'Tis no imaginary Flight,
 My Heart has felt more than I write !
 Ev'n now, 'twould fain dissolve away,
 And thro' this Quill itself convey ;

Ah ! could it be, poor foolish Heart,
 Where would'st thou find thy ravish'd Part ?

Would'st

Would'st thou to *Benjamin* complain?
 Would he to Friendship melt again?
 Again refund our common Right,
 And let you meet, and re-unite?

Still canst thou, *Ben*, attentive read,
 And not begin to melt indeed?
 Is not the Friend again confest
 By all the Pow'rs within thy Breast?
 'Twas but an intermitting Fit——
 Methinks I see the Sentence writ!
 The Paper glows, by thee design'd
 To bear the Ardour of thy Mind!

My gen'rous Friend, forgive the Muse,
 Who dar'd this Liberty to use!
 She knew the Sparks were still the same,
 And only strove to make them flame——
 A distant Friendship often lives
 But on the Breath a Letter gives:
 And still the Passion most improves,
 When most the warm Expression moves!

Behold! a Soul without Disguise
 To Friendship's Sacred Altar flies!
 A Soul, who, free from selfish Views,
 Sincerity alone pursues!

For ev'ry tender Passion fram'd,
 Tho' oft' by envious Tongues defam'd;
 Tho' oft' by various Fortune tost,
 'Tis in her gloomy Mazes lost !

With such a Soul thou once couldst share
 It's thin sown Joys, it's constant Care ;
 If still thy Heart the Choice approve,
 O may we ever jointly move !
 For ever int' Oblivion cast
 That Void of Life, from hence our last ;
 And send, as Friendship still requires,
 Mutual Supplies to feed her Fires !





DICK DAUENTER, *the conscientious Keeper. A Tale.*

WHEN Men have honest Wives at home,
 Yet take the Liberty to roam;
 They can't with too much Caution act,
 In keeping close an amorous Fact:
 'Tis not enough to hide their Sin
 From all, but those concern'd therein:
 From even those they should conceal
 What may the Crime of both reveal.
 With neither Friend nor Foe they must
 The nicest of their Secrets trust.

Some Punster cries, who loves to strain
 The Sense of Words, This is not plain——
 In amorous Facts what do Folks do,
 But search each other's Secrets thro' ?
 And talk of hiding something then !
 Pray Poet tell us what you mean ?
 Forbear your Jokes, dear witty Wight !
 And be so good to take me right——

M 2

Without

Without Design you can't mistake—
 But, if Examples plainer make,
Dick Daventer, my *quondam* Friend,
 This Proposition shall defend ;
Dick hits this Purpose to the Life :
Dick went astray, yet had a Wife.

This Friend of mine was brisk and young ;
 Well built, and consequently strong :
 Yet (to his Honour be it heard)
 What Strength he had, he never spar'd—
 His Spouse at all Times would agree,
 (And who could know so well as she ?)
 That, take him early, take him late,
 He was a good pains-taking Mate.
 In vain alas ! no Fruit appears,
 To crown his Toil, in thrice three Years !
 O Fate severe ! no hopeful Child
 Upon th' industrious Parent smil'd !

Dick, with Submission, bore his Lot,
 And cherish'd scarce an evil Thought.
 No—— if 'twere Providence's Will,
 He'd live contented, childless, still !
 For, let his Foes say what they can,
Dick was a very pious Man ;
 His Manners were correctly nice ;
 He went to Church a *Sundays* twice ;

And

And would not do an evil Thing
To make himself *Great-Britain's* King,

Alas! it grieves my Soul to tell
How into *Trulla's* Snare he fell!
How, sailing home one Night at Twelve,
His Vessel stranded on her Shelf!
Stand off, my Friend—discard and kick her—
In vain I wish! my Friend's in Liquor—
Her Arts prevail—she draws him in,
To act th' abominable Sin:
To promise, at a proper Time,
To come, and to repeat the Crime!!

When once our Innocence we stain,
Spot follows spot, like Drops of Rain—
Next Morning *Dick* cons o'er and o'er
The Follies of the Night before.
Could he those Minutes but recall,
He'd freely sacrifice his All!
He'll go no more— But then his Vow!
To break it Honour won't allow.
On all th' Intentions of his Word
He very learnedly demur'd—
Will Time, Condition, Person, Place,
Afford no *Salvo* in this Case?
An Pellice servanda Fides?
Yes— Reason on th' affirming Side is—

A Promise should be sacred still ;
Made when, where, or to whom it will.

Truth's Arguments at length prevail :
(Some Inclination in the Scale)
They meet again—— get more acquainted——
Again—— fresh Meetings are appointed——
In short—— they met and met so long,
(To hasten forwards with my Song)
That he was hers, and she was his ;
A downright Keeper, and his Miss.

Long Conversation Freedom breeds——
Encroaching *Trulla* intercedes
To know her dear Deceiver's Name ;
Where now he lives ; from whence he came ;
Whether a married Man, or single ;
With fifty Things that will not jingle :
Which Women will on Men intrude,
Where these are fond, and those are rude.

His Love for Truth *Dick* still retains,
And therefore takes a World of Pains
To answer her with half a Lie :
(An Answer he could not deny)
Yet so as she should never find
The true Intention of his Mind.

First,

First, *Daniel Doubtfull* was his Name;
 (Th' initial Letters still the same)
 And, for the future, she should see
 His Billets all subscrib'd, *D. D.*

His native Place was thirty Miles——
 In this he easily beguiles
 The Fair—— by bringing into play
 Some Town as far—— another Way.

His Dwelling was on *London Side*;
 Not far from where *Thames* rolls his Tide.
 He nam'd the *Thames*, the Street, the Sign,
 All Circumstances that could join;
 Yet, in Conclusion, finely minc'd it,
 By Names in *Southwark* o'er against it.

But Marriage was so firm a Noose,
 How could he play at fast and loose?
 He has no Child —— Ay, there's his Hold——
Tulla must artfully be told
 That once his Wedding Day was set,
 But Disappointments, which he met,
 Had griev'd him so, he never since
 To any Woman made Pretence:
 Tho' happy he should be, to prove,
 By marrying her, his faithful Love.

Muse,

Muse, whither will thy Tale extend?
 Or, dost not yet perceive it's End?
 What further Questions *Trulla* ask'd,
 How cautious *Dick* his Answers masqu'd;
 Why shouldst thou tell? Such Shifts appear,
Trulla perceives him insincere——
 Yet, tho' she found her Cull in jest,
 Words were too warily express'd,
 She truly thought, to be but Wind——
 She therefore bore them all in Mind;
 Resolv'd a proper Time to wait,
 And, if worth while, to take the Bait.

Profuse abroad, at home still just,
 Nor Wife, nor Mistress need mistrust:
 Each, when she wanted, had a Shilling;
 Neither knew more than *Dick* was willing;
 'Till bringing once a little Book,
 He o'er it bids his *Trulla* look——
 Says he, *These Poems, ev'ry Line,*
Were written by a Cuz of mine;
A Fellow of uncommon Parts;
Well skill'd in almost all the Arts——
The Title of the Pamphlet tells
His Name, and Trade, and where he dwells.

Trulla with Thanks receives the Gift,
 In hopes the Truth of all to sift——

The

The trustiest of her private Friends
 She to this Poet's Lodging sends ;
 Instructed how to act and speak :
 Intreated large Remarks to make.

He goes—— he rallies all his Sense——
 And—— *Sir, I hope 'tis no Offence——*
I saw your Book ; admire your Wit ;
And come to chat concerning it.
Pray, won't you please to take a Glass ?
I should be glad an Hour to pass.

The Bard complies, with Heart elate—
Heav'ns ! to be follow'd at this rate !
How great a Man ! They drink and smoak ;
Talk common Things ; and pass a Joke ;
'Till—— Pray Sir, have you no Relations ?
Yes--- What may be their Names and Stations ?
Where do they dwell ? what sort of Men ?
 The Poet mentions Nine or Ten ;
 Their Names, their Age, their Size, how
 dress'd ;
Dick Daventer among the rest.

Conclusion now draws on apace——
Trulla's Acquaintance tell the Case :
 The Cousin's Story stronger brings
Dick's own disguis'd Account of Things ;
And

And, as the joint Description ran,
'Twas plain he was the very Man.

'Tis easy to conceive the rest——
How artfull *Trulla* Rage express'd ;
(To make him with more Warmth salute her ;
And use her better for the future,)
Impose on her ! she'd have him know
She never was affronted so——
She had indeed been much too kind——
The worse Luck hers tho'—— Love is blind !
Hers all were honourable Views !
The more Knave he——such Love t'abuse !

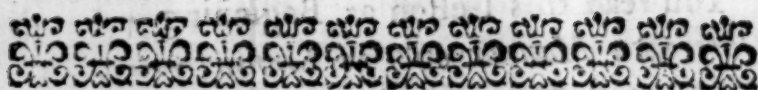
Dick sees the House about his Ears,
And in the Mischief first appears——
He knew his Credit was at Stake——
What Use of this the Bard would make——
And therefore frankly, to his Wife,
Owns ev'ry Error of his Life :
Together all the Parties brings ;
And publickly *Peccavi* sings——
Contented with the present Game,
The Poet vows to spare his Fame.
Trulla was willing to be gone,
At naming *Bridewell*, and Sir *John* :
And Madam, for the Sake of both,
Pardons this Breach of Marriage Troth.

You

You read this Lesson at Beginning—
Observe a Manner ev'n in Sinning—
If you must stray, mind what you do!
Why will you lose your Honour too?
 Here let me add—*Men strive in vain*
To live in Vice, yet Truth maintain— :
Stick to the Temple, or the Calves
The D—l won't be serv'd by Halves.



SOLOMON'S



SOLOMON'S Character of a
good Wife, from the 31st
Chapter of *Proverbs*.

VAIN are the most of Womankind—
A virtuous Consort who can find ?
In real Value she excells
Whatever *shines on Rocks and Spells*.

Her Husband's Soul in her confides ;
Nor she his Confidence derides :
She seeks his Honour all her Days ;
And ne'er her plighted Faith betrays.

Her Industry finds Flax and Wool,
And her own Fingers fill the *Spool* ;
Her Hands are harden'd at the Wheel,
The Distaff, and the loaded Reel.

Before the Sun she leaves her Bed ;
And thus prepares her Household Bread :
Her Children and her Servants share
The Bounty of her early Care.

The

The Field her slothful Neighbour fold
 Is hers, with Sums of labour'd Gold :
 She plants a Vineyard with the rest ;
 The Fruit of her own Hands confess'd.

The full-ripe Grape she tastes at length,
 And girds her Loins afresh with Strength :
 Confirm'd in her industrious Way,
 Her Candle lengthens out the Day.

Like those who dare the stormy Seas,
 She loaths the Food obtain'd with ease :
 Her Hands are open to the Poor ;
 Their Wants none carry from her Door.

With double Cloathing she defends
 Herself and hers, when Snow descends :
 In Silk and Purple she appears ;
 And each Domestic Scarlet wears.

A Price she of the Merchant takes,
 For Linnen which her Leisure makes.
 Her Husband sits among the Great ;
 And shines a Senator compleat.

Her Words are all with Wisdom fraught ;
 And Counsel flows from ev'ry Thought.

N

Her

Her Honours with her Years increase ;
Her last are Days of Joy and Peace.

Like a well-order'd State is seen
Her little Household ; she the Queen :
Her Children rise, and call her bless'd ;
And by her Lord her Worth's confess'd.

Pleas'd with his Choice, he often says—
Tho' many Daughters merit Praise,
The most distinguish'd you excell,
In ev'ry Art of doing well.

The fading Beauties of a Face
May fail, and ev'ry outward Grace :
But she who fears the Lord shall still
Possess her Husband's best Good-will.

With gentle Words he bids her take
The Plenty which her Fingers make ;
And, while her Actions spread her Name,
Confirms the just Report of Fame.





*On falling in Love, to a Friend
who desir'd it.*

W H O can describe, in Numbers fit,
All the new Pangs by Lovers found;
When, undesigning, first they meet;
Give and receive the destin'd Wound?

Who can? Yet since this friendly Lay
Damon demands, O Muse rehearse

What govern'd Fancy bids thee say—
May *Phœbus* aid the flowing Verse!

Love wears a Thousand different Forms;
He wins the Heart a Thousand Ways:

Now like a Deity he storms;
Now in Disguise the Soul betrays.

As varied is the Anguish felt,
When *two* begin to grow *the same* :
With stifled Heat some inly melt ;
While some confess, and urge their Flame.

Yet would the God to Nature bend ;
His boundless Sway could Law restrain ;
Thus might I paint him to my Friend :
Thus state the Measures of his Reign.

Two chosen Names, on Fate's long Roll,
In the same Character he reads :
Remarks the Frame of either Soul ;
And, unobserv'd, in both proceeds.

Occasion, bound by firm Compact,
The Place, the Time, the Cause contrives :
Brings them together, to transact
Some common Business of their Lives.

Expects my *Damon* I should tell
Of Love's Activity, and Force ?
The Light'ning I could paint as well,
That pierces all Things in it's Course !

It enters— in the Breast it stays—
(Believe it done as soon as thought !)
About the Heart it kindling plays—
It takes— By all the Soul 'tis caught.

The

The generous Youth, the first on Fire,
Looks kinder Things than others speak ;
And Sighs, and broken Words conspire,
In vain, his mighty Thoughts to break.

He views the Nymph, while o'er her Cheeks
The Red and White alternate flow ;
'Till, Sympathetic (what he seeks)
Her Soul like his begins to glow.

Disorder'd now, the Boy perceives,
And, eager, fans the kindled Fire :
'Till her Heart pants, her Bosom heaves ;
And the whole Maid is one Desire !

Now both submit, Love only sways——
They talk, they toy, they burn, they gaze,
Send forth, and mix incessant Rays ;
'Till all their Souls unite, and blaze.

But O the Raptures that succeed ;
And bless the Flame divinely pure !
Strong as the Sun, themselves they feed,
And, like his Beams, they still endure !



On *FAME*

IMAGINARY Good, or true,
Immortal Fame, thee all pursue;
Thee make their End in all they do!

For thee th' intrepid Sons of *Mars*
Rush forth impetuous to the Wars;
Pleas'd, if thou deign to count their Scars.

Whatever Thoughts the Learn'd impart,
In any Age, in any Art,
Thou art the Prize they have at Heart.

Tho' Want upon the Poet stares,
For love of Verse and Thee, he dares
Slight all the frightful Forms it wears.

Yet what thou art we thus admire,
And why at thee Mankind aspire,
None can determine, all enquire.

If mere Delusion of the Mind,
Whence is the Race of human kind
To court a Shadow thus inclin'd?



Or if thou art a real Good,
How can thy Worth be understood,
Thro' Misery alone persu'd ?

Can all the Wreaths that crown his Head,
And magnifie the Poet dead,
Attone for *Homer's* Want of Bread ?

Yet who would not a Beggar be
To grow as much renown'd as he ?
Methinks I wish 'twere offer'd me !

But *Homer* shines a single Name ;
As much thy Darling since, O Fame !
As once the Muses' — in his Flame.

On Ages since could he but look,
He'd smile to think this single Hook
Has such a Croud of Wirlings took.

Above the rest 'twere sweet Surprise,
To see majestic *Virgil* rise,
And daring *Milton* climb the Skies !

His Seconds these shall still remain !
Time shall their Dignity maintain ;
And Ignorance oppose in vain !

In

In vain we weaker Mortals try
To pluck such Bays, to soar so high !
Our Writings like ourselves must die——

What little Favour some procure,
Thou art so nice, they scarce are sure
It shall from Year to Year endure.

Those who thy Favour most engage,
But gain th' Applauses of an Age,
Then their Remembrance quits the Stage.

And what's an Age's empty Praise,
If Want opprefs us all our Days,
While we the fleeting Structure raise ?

Since but a Few ev'n this can gain,
For a long Life, worn out in Pain,
Strange, that so many toil in vain !

Ev'n I, who know myself so weak,
Th' unequal Labour can't forsake :
Thy fancy'd Charms so strongly take.

Philander too approves my Song,
And calls it graceful, bold and strong ;
His Judgment leads the Muse along.

Not

Not quite in vain my Time I spend,
Tho' with my Life these Triffles end—
'Tis noble now to please a Friend,

Thou art at least a specious Bait;
And if thou wantest aught in Weight,
There's something sweet in the Deceit.



MONTELIA.

SOFTEST *Airs*, O *Muse*, inspire,
At thy wounded Friend's Desire!
Reach my Lute! strain ev'ry String!
Fair *Montelia* I would sing!

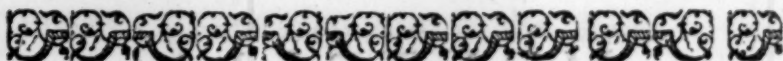
How her Eyes illustrious shine!
Armies there of *Cupids* join:
Round about how fierce they dart,
Read, O read it on my Heart!

See *Diana* in her Mien!
In her Shape see Beauty's Queen!
Love design'd, and form'd her Waist,
Round her when his Arms he cast.

Whe

When the little Rover press'd,
Night succeeding Night her Breast,
On each Side those Mountains rose
Which so many Sweets disclose.

'Midst a thousand, who can trace,
Who can picture ev'ry Grace?
Short of each, alas! I speak——
Muse forbear, my Lute I break!



The impenetrable Fair.

CUPID, a while suspend thy Bow;
Thy Quiver o'er thy Shoulders throw:
Hear why not our united Force
Can touch *Amelia* with Remorse.

Her Eyes, the Seats of Heat and Light,
Her sparkling Eyes are Sapphires bright:
Rubies immensely rich compose
Her Lips, that shame the blushing Rose.

Those

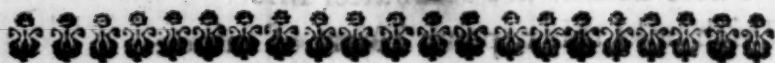
Those Hands are ~~Al~~abaster fine
Which hold this captive Heart of mine :
No *Parian* Marble may contest
With that which forms her lovely Breast.

Her Heart assumes the Diamond's Name ;
Within, without, she's all the same :
As tho', to make a finish'd Piece,
Sculpture had rais'd up *Rome* and *Greece*.

Wonder not then a Nymph of Stone
Withstands thy Shafts, and flights my Moan :
Still thou may'st shoot, still I complain,
Our Darts and Sighs are spent in vain!



Upon



*Upon hearing Miss ----- praise
some Verses of mine.*

W H E N *Cloe's* Charms I warmly sing,
Such Wit she never can reward :
But could she influence the King,
I should, at least, be made a Lord.

That those who write immortal Rhimes,
Should want the Means of mortal Life ;
Against the base, degenerate Times,
She finds perpetual Cause of Strife.

So much transported with my Muse, L
Her Praise is all she lets me have :
For, while the deathless Bard she views,
She never sees her dying Slave.

Cloe, forbear this high Esteem ;
Or form a more familiar Plan——
A *Demigod* why should he seem,
Who seeks to prove himself a Man ?

Occasion'd



*Occasion'd by the Success of some
Lines of mine in another Person's
Amour.*

G R E A T God of Numbers, speak the
Cause,
Why Fortune persecutes the Bays ;
Why Poets only gain Applause,
While others profit by their Lays ?

For ever must thy Servants' Pen
To all besides Success impart :
Themselves alone th' unhappy Men
Condemn'd to perish by their Art ?

*Yes, says the God, 'Tis so decreed ;
The Sentence ever will remain —*

*Fools by repeating shall succeed :
I, and my Sons, must charm in vain !*



On the same Occasion.

AND is it thus ordain'd by *Jove*,
 That Wit should never win the Fair?
 Then why are Poets form'd for Love;
 Since Love to them is but Despair?

When in their Lines some Beauty charms,
 The Rapture swells their Passions high:
 Upon themselves recoil their Arms;
 And by the Flame they raise, they die.

In vain their melting Notes rehearse
 The Anguish of th' ill-fated Youths:
 Perhaps the Nymphs approve the Verse,
 But disregard the fatal Truths.

Immortal Fame, the Bard's Reward,
 Fate has not join'd it with Success:
 The Gods will have their Bounty shar'd;
 And very rarely doubly bless.

Phœbus

Phæbus and *Waller* tun'd their Lyres ;
The Lawrel only crown'd their Art :
Yet *One* both Life and Love inspires ;
And *t'other* warms the coldest Heart.

And what are Lawrels, what is Fame,
To make us Sacrifice our Rest ?
They cannot quench an inward Flame ;
They cannot heal a wounded Breast.

What tho' the World admire my Strains ;
What tho' *Montelia's* self they please :
Her Praises may increase my Chains,
But not contribute to my Ease.

Or be their Value understood,
Or, O ye Gods, your Gifts resume !
Make Fame a more substantial Good,
Or give *Montelia* in it's room !





*Presented to a near Relation, on
the anniversary of his Wedding
Night.*

MY gen'rous Friend, at your Request,
I come to swell the *Chorus* ;
To hail the Night, your Liquor taste,
And eat up what's before us.

Long may your *Nanny* fill your Arms,
And mutual Love continue !
So prays the Bard, who sung her Charms,
And strove to get between you.

Be now that envious Scene forgot——
You knew the Art of Wooing——
Yet let the Muse ask freely—— What
Her Rival has been doing ?

E're

E're now, 'twas thought, two Bantlings small,
 With Musick would surround her,
 But Heav'ns! I see no Sign at all——
 As flat as any Flounder!

'Tis true, you promis'd well at first——
 O had our Pleasure lasted!
 But must the generous Tree be curs'd,
 Because the Fruit was blasted?

Not so our Fathers us'd the Bed;
 Their Tillage brought forth plenty——
 First Cousins, wedded and to wed,
 We are not less than Twenty.

Among us lies a World of Pelf,
 Must all this go to Strangers?
 No Faith!—— To get some Heirs myself,
 I'll run thro' fifty Dangers!

For shame, *Sam*, pluck thy Spirits up!
 This very Night prevent me——
 And, when next Year we come to sup,
 Say, *This the Gods have sent me.*



Love without Art.

WHEN Poets lavish all their Store,
 To paint a Mistress gay ;
 They prove not how their Souls adore,
 But what their Muse can say.

Fame, the great Object of their Vows,
 By various Names they woo ;
 And, while to Beauty Fancy bows,
 Their Souls a Breath pursue.

Me no such vain Ambition moves —
 Ye Bards, enjoy your Fame !
 My Heart can simply say *it loves* :
 And heave MONTELIA's Name.

MONTELIA's Charms so far excell,
 They make my Soul their Slave ;
 She's more, at least, than I can tell ;
 And *all* I wish to have !



The Muse's Dignity.

SAY Music, sweetest Child of *Jove*,
 Parent of Pity, Mirth, and Love,
 Our Passions how dost thou controul;
 Tune high to Joy, or low depress the Soul?
 Whence flows this universal Charm,
 That can Despair itself disarm?
 Is not the mighty Magic first design'd
 In the bold Bard's capacious Mind?
 There the gay Train of *Embrio* Hints are
 found;
 Thence they dance forth, embody'd round
 In regular Variety of Sound.
 Concurring Souls the Notes imbibe,
 And to ungovern'd Fancy Laws prescribe:
 Adapting Harmony to Use,
 By Rules which they from Harmony deduce.
 Thus while the Sons of *Asaph* play'd and sung,
 To *David's* Muse their Harps were strung:
 They but the Paths he mark'd 'em trod;
 He, the great Prophet of th' inspiring God.



Too true to make a Jest of.

Q *Why will Mortals be so rash,
Fearless thro' Thick and Thin to dash!
Nor in Life's Race to pick their Way!
Thus Serious gravely us'd to say—
Nor would the formal Zealot spare
The little Failures of Bellair.*

*Th' Imposture took with not a few,
But Lætus always better knew :
Yet the dull Sot the same appear'd,
And canted on when Lætus heard.*

*We own 'tis just, the Friend replies,
What you condemn, what you advise ;
The Time and Place are not amiss——
Yet why from thee so much of this ?
Sure thou hadst tumbled in the Dirt,
And by thy Fall receiv'd some Hurt :
Or a great Secret he found out,
Who gave thee Physic for the Gout.*

To



To CÆLIA, on her being fond
of a Cat.

WHO knows but *Jove*, in this Disguise,
Once more his Deity belies?
And from *Olympus* to thy Breast
Descends, to be supremely blest?
Why wilt thou then, aspiring Fair,
Indulge the latent Danger there;
When, were the God confess'd, thy Frame
Could not sustain his furious Flame?

Or grant that Form thy Fav'rite's own;
That *Puss* enjoys thy Heart alone:
I mourn those warm Caresses lost
On an Insensible——at most!

Fair Nymph, prefer the safer Mean!
Man comes familiarly between——
Man, not so fiercely bright as *Jove*,
Yet turn'd as happily for Love——
Man, far above the mousing Kind,
Yet of a no less humble Mind——
Upon thy Smiles let *Strephon* live;
And Joy at once receive and give! *Fragment*



*Fragment of an O D E to Boreas,
made while the Author sold
Books in an Alley.*

BLOW *Boreas*, Foe to human kind!
Blow, blustering, freezing, piercing Wind!
Blow, that thy Force I may rehearse;
While all my Thoughts congeal to Verse!

Blow, and the strongest Proofs dispense
To ev'ry doubtful Reader's Sense!
But chiefly chill the Critic's Nose,
Who dares the Truths I sing oppose!

Where'er old hoary Winter's fear'd,
There thou with trembling Art rever'd:
In thee the dreaded Pow'r remains
By which the snowy Monarch reigns.

The Leaves that beautify'd the Trees,
And wav'd before a softer Breeze;
Torn off by thee, are scatter'd round,
To wither on the rusty Ground.

Where

Where rapid Rivers us'd to flow,
To Glafs the filent Waters grow :
Ev'n Oozy *Thames* submits to thee ;
Thames, like the neighb'ring Vallies, free !

To the proud *Czar's* terrific Fleet,
Which half the Nations fear to meet ;
Thou dost thy strict Injunctions give——
Nor can it stir without thy Leave.

Thy Prefence on *Britania's* Plains
To Chimney-Corner drives her Swains :
There thy Severity they shun ;
And thither I would gladly run !

But I (so *Jove* and Fate command)
Expos'd to all thy Rage must stand :
Condemn'd the Tyranny to bear,
Unpity'd, half the tedious Year !

Tho' close begirt with Garments three,
Not Garments can defend from thee ;
Thy penetrating Force will find
Or Hole before, or Slit behind !

In vain my Hands my Bosom hides !
In vain I shield them by my Sides !

In

In vain exhale the warmer Air,
Which my too feeble Lungs prepare

In vain upon the distant Tiles
The God of Day indulgent Smiles !
His Influence I should never know,
But for the Drops of melted Snow.

The melted Snow beneath my Feet
Still makes thy Empire more compleat—
My aged Shoes, not Water proof,
Admit those Droppings of the Roof.

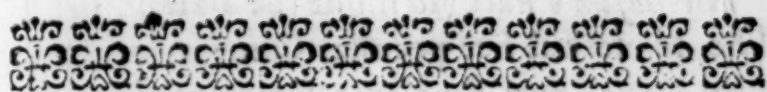
Full in my Face is always driv'n,
By thee, whate'er descends from Heav'n;
Or Snow, or Rain, or Sleet, or Hail—
Nor can the Penthouse aught avail !

* * * * *

Desiderantur Multa.



An



The Laying of the Spirit. A Tale.

IN Days of Yore, when *Roman* Rules
 Prevail'd, and made poor Laymen Fools :
 When wicked Priests could sell Salvation ;
 And safely cuckold half the Nation :
 There liv'd (as ancient Annals teach)
 A Wight, old, covetous, and rich —
 There liv'd ? where liv'd ? says one - at *Tame--*
 Which rhimes to *Rinald* was his Name.

A Wife he had, with ev'ry Charm
 That manly, vigorous Youth might warm :
 But to this sapless Trunk confin'd,
 By Parents' Choice, against her Mind,
 She nor the least Delight could move ;
 Nor taste herself the Sweets of Love.

Three thousand Pounds at *Ten per Cent.*
 Supply'd him with a handsome Rent ;
 Yet such a Niggard was this Wight,
 He'd seldom spend his Pint at Night ;
 Nor knew he any Joy in Life
 Much oft'ner — than he did his Wife.

P

For

For *Susan's* Part (so hight the Fair)
 The Mode was her peculiar Care :
 Now Dress, now Furniture she wanted :
 Nor Dress, nor Furniture was granted.
 House-keeping, Truth ! was Charge enough ;
 He could not buy much Household-Stuff.
 And whom had she to please but him ;
 That she, forsooth ! must go so trim ?

How could the Woman take it well ?
 No——'twas her Duty to rebel——
 Whate'er she could, she bought on Trust ;
 (Let *Rinaldo* grumble ! pay he must)
 So, when for Int'rest he was gone,
 The Neighbours came ; the Treat went on.

The rev'rend Doctor of the Parish,
 (Some Faults the best of Men may cherish)
 Was, if you took him all together,
 As good as e'er trod Shoe of Leather.
 To him the Dame repair'd at Easter——
 What then ? why then the Priest confess'd her :
 Then private Penance was enjoin'd :
 And acted too—— to Madam's Mind.

Religion was a Thing that *Susan*
 Had ne'er before took Time to muse on ;

But

But learning now, from Rules of Art,
That Penance was it's harshest Part ;
And finding that so great a Pleasure,
She grew religious, out of Measure.

And having gain'd sufficient Strength,
To carry Spite a Woman's Length ;
She counted all her Husband's Crimes,
Of various Sorts, at divers Times ;
And made a solemn Resolution,
To put Revenge in Execution.
Mere Cuckoldom should not suffice her—
He must be by, yet ne'er the wiser.

When People bear a willing Mind,
Occasion seldom lags behind.

The Terrors taught us by our Nurse,
As Reason fails, renew their Force :
Hence *Rinald* oft' conceiv'd a Fright,
From whisp'ring Wind, at dead of Night.
Sue takes the Hint ; improves his Fears ;
Nor Mouse, nor Spider, now she hears,
But, whip ! she covers—Neck and Ears. }
If Door or Window chance to clap ;
Or, on Offender's Neck, the Trap ;

'Twas some departed Soul returning !
 All clad in white ! with Taper burning !
 Lord ! how she cry'd, and wish'd for Morning !

It soon produc'd what *Susan* wanted,
 Without Dispute the House was haunted.
Roger the Priest must come, and lay
 The hellish Fiend, in burning Sea.
 The Night was fix'd ; they all prepare —
 Some say, the Devil was in Fear :
 For Priests with Bell, and Book, and Candle,
 Could then the Devil strangely handle.

'Tis very hard, in Prose or Rhime,
 Well to describe the Flux of Time :
 For this the Reader must allow ;
 And think th' appointed Ev'ning now.
 Th' appointed Ev'ning brings the Rector ;
Susan intreats him to protect her ;
Rinaldo too, in piteous Fright,
 Desires he'll make the Circle right.

He promis'd 'em to do his best :
 Then this Harangue to both address'd.

My Friends, in order to proceed,
 And make this Goblin go indeed,

'Tis

'Tis fit we all keep *ad Amussum* :
 You must lie down, and I must curse him.
 Bind up your Eyes ! nor stir, nor speak !
 (One Fault, observe ! the Charm will break)
 So Heav'n receive you to Protection ;
 As you shall follow this Direction !

Rinaldo trembles, and agrees ;
 Then mutter'd something on his Knees :
 But *Sukey* scream'd, a subtle Quean !
 As tho' she had the Spirit seen :
 Ev'n *Roger* scarcely could forbear
 To drop a sympathetic Tear.

The chosen Room, one Story high,
 Was where our Couple us'd to lie——
 Here *Sue* before had taken Care
 A proper Spirit to prepare :
 Who, lest her Voice the Plot should ruin,
 Was muzzled to prevent her Mewing.

They all ascend the magic Place ;
 The Help-mates bind each other's Face ;
 Then stretch themselves upon the Floor ;
 While *Roger* fastens up the Door.

The Circle made, the Priest begins ;
 And first, absolves 'em from their Sins :

Then stoutly Musters all his Forces,
 Of *Latin*, *Greek*, hard Names, and Curses—
Abi, foul Fiend! *in rubrum Mare*—
 A hollow Voice reply'd, who are ye?
 Then, at a thund'ring Word of *Greek*,
 The Closet Door was heard to squeak!
 But when he spoke again in *Latin*,
 With solemn Tread, came Mistress Cat in!

Trembling and sweating as he lay,
Rinaldo wish'd (he durst not pray)
 To die—— but in a nat'ral Way!
 What happen'd now, *Sue* us'd to tell,
 She could not see, but she could smell.

Here might my Epic Muse rehearse,
 In figur'd Stile, and flowing Verse,
 How, while the real Spirit mov'd,
 The Priest and *Sue* their Time improv'd!
 (The Beaux would laugh; the Ladies twitter;
 Nor could the Criticks then be bitter!)
 But, as the Scene at present lies,
 Reason may dictate to the Wise,
 What Love and Spite would prompt 'em to:
 What, consequently, they must do.

The Moral of my Tale is clear—
 Let *Sixty* with *Sixteen* forbear
 To seek those Joys it cannot share

Confessing

Confessing tho' the Fair explode,
 Intriguing always is the Mode;
 Some Way your Wives must have their Fill;
 For Women will be Women still.



Morientis.

'T WIXT Vice and Virtue *here* the doubtful
 Strife

Concludes : *Here* ends the Comedy of Life.
 Th' Award uncertain, the Disposer just,
 Presume I dare not ; why should I distrust ?





*An Imitation of the Manner of an
excellent Divine Poet now living.*

O N Reason we depend in vain !
'Tis Pride supports her feeble Reign——
Hear how young *Curio's* Soul was tost ;
'Till in it's own Conclusions lost !

*Where shall an erring Mortal find
A certain Rule to guide his Mind ?
The False and Real how discern,
In Matters of the last Concern ?*

*Faith soars aloft, on Eagles Wings ;
And sees, and dares, the greatest Things :
Receives an Olive-Branch above ;
And downward bears the Pledge of Love.*

*But mimic Fancy too aspires,
Wing'd with vain Hopes, and wild Desires :
In Tinsel cloath'd, as Faith in Gold,
She takes her Name, and talks as bold.*

Our

*Our eager Souls, transported, meet
The seeming Good, the present Sweet ;
And while we boast triumphant Grace,
A Phantom fills the fond Embrace!*

*Soon as the gilded Cheat appears,
We shrink, and own our conscious Fears——
Fresh shadowy Forms the Flight renew!
Still the Delusion we pursue!*

*How shall we Things distinguish so]
As each disguis'd Deceit to know?
As ev'ry Salley to prevent,
Which cool Reflection must repent?*

*There is a Rule, the Church replies;
And gravely tells us where it lies:
But human Nature swells with Pride;
And Reason will be satisfy'd.*

*It cannot be, that Heav'n design'd
To take its Image from the Mind!
To thinking Creatures must belong
A Pow'r to judge of Right and Wrong.*

*Yet what this Pow'r, and where conceal'd--
Suspended here our Souls are held——*

If

*If in them dwells a perfect Guide,
Why do the most observing slide ?*

Thus, wand'ring on from Thought to
Thought,
Deep Causes long he anxious fought ;
But Reason try'd her Line in vain——
Nor could his Wit the Flight sustain.

Convinc'd, abash'd, his Hands he spread ;
And, humbly silent, bow'd his Head——
A glorious Guide appear'd at length !
He bless'd his *Wisdom*, and his *Strength*!





An Imitation of Horace B 2. O. 16.

WHEN Clouds obscure the Face of Night,
And Stars withhold their friendly Light,
With Tempests tofs'd, with Fears oppress'd,
The trembling Sailor prays for Rest.

The Savage *Tartar*, great in Arms,
The *Turk*, inur'd to fierce Alarms,
What would they not at Seasons give
In unmolested Peace to live?

But ah! it can't be bought and sold!
Not all the Purple, Gems, and Gold,
Which stately Rooms of Princes show,
Can ease them of their Share of Woe!

Our pompous City Magistrate,
In all his gaudy, annual State,
May feel a Tumult in his Mind;
And but a Load of Greatness find!

A sparing Diet will sustain
The Man who lives just neatly plain;

And

And to contented Use receives
The Table his old Father leaves.

He from his Breast, to Virtue just,
Drives ev'ry Fear, and ev'ry Lust:
Makes all his daily Labours light;
And soundly sleeps away the Night.

In vain we give our Fancies Wings,
And fly them at a thousand Things;
'Tis but a Few we reach at most;
And we to those are quickly lost.

In vain for Quiet *Florio* runs
To Countries warm'd by other Suns:
Not many Years the Fool can roam;
And these might well be spent at home.

His Cares will not discarded be;
They board the Ship as well as he:
On Horseback these will mount behind;
Out-strip the Hart, out-fly the Wind!

'Tis Heaven's, to will, and to dispose:
'Tis ours, with Providence to close —
He errs, who makes his Bliss depend
On what superior Fate may send.

The

The present Hour could we possess,
 The present Hour would always bless —
 Since there's no perfect Joy below,
 Why should we antedate our Woe.

Death shorten'd *William's* glorious Reign;
 And let the *Gallic Curse* remain :
 So Heav'n may give to worthless *Me*
 A Length of Life deny'd to *Thee*.

My Country Friend receives from Fate
 The Income of a large Estate ;
 In his own House can nightly sleep,
 Amidst his Horses, Cows, and Sheep.

I, of no Lands nor Rents possess'd,
 If with proportion'd Wishes bless'd,
 May scorn each envious, grov'ling Mind :
 And in the Muse true Solace find.





On ne S'avise jamais de tout.

'Tis impossible to be aware of every
thing. A Tale.

S I R *Jealous*, who (says *Fontaine*) kept
One Eye awake while t'other slept,
From Company restrain'd his Spouse ;
And, for the Safety of his Brows,
Collected all the Female Wiles,
Their Ogles, Billet-deux, and Smiles,
Their Arts of slipping out from home,
And writ them in an ample Tome.

Poor Sot ! When Love has form'd a League,
He's a mere *Hydra* at Intrigue.

Madam was all this while a Slave :
Alas ! what Comfort could she have ?
For Fondness he ev'n told her Hairs ;
Nor trusted her about Affairs,

But

But with her, constant as her Shade,
Went an old *Argus* of a Maid.

His List the Fool believ'd compleat,
And hug'd himself in the Conceit ;
It serv'd him both to read and rest on,
And Cuckoldom was out of Question.

One Holiday, it came to pass,
As home the Dame return'd from Mass,
Her Thoughts all Piety and Honour,
Out comes a Heap of Dirt upon her.

Was such an Accident e'er heard on ?
Before the People ask'd her Pardon !
She must go in, to make her clean,
For 'twas not fit she should be seen.
Another Petticoat she'll want —
Home runs the faithful Governante,
To fetch her one. — She finds my Master,
And, breathless, tells the whole Disaster.

The honest Man was Thunder-struck :
The Devil ! 'Tis not in my Book —
Gone in ? Why then I know the worst :
So may the Catalogue be curs'd !

Rightly

Rightly the Cuckold once opin'd :
 This whole Adventure was design'd.
 By disobliging Madam's Sute,
 They sent the Dragon from the Fruit.
 The Coast was clear ; the Spark was ready ;
 And who more willing than the Lady ?

Women that realy have a Mind
 In vain are guarded, and confin'd.
 You miss *five* Stratagems in *ten* ;
 So burn your Catalogues, ye Men !
 And leave to Providence your Pates,
 There's no resisting People's Fates.



FINIS

